DEC 13 1938

THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XVI. No. 406 (New Series) SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1938 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

MR. CHAMBERLAIN thinks that General Franco admits having made a "mistake" in seizing and retaining wheat ships on their way to England. This is the sort of "mistake" that we have become accustomed to since we had a Government determined to align itself with Fascism rather than with democracy. Even if belligerent rights had been granted to Franco, his action in detaining these ships would be of dubious legality, but Franco has not been given belligerent rights, and if the Non-Intervention procedure is to be adhered to, he cannot get them until all the members of the Committee are in agreement. Since that cannot be achieved, there are signs that the Fascist Powers are trying to break up the Committee. The defection of Sweden and the speech in which Mr. Spaak suggested that Belgium should in effect withdraw from non-intervention and send a commercial representative to Burgos look like the beginning of a deliberate attempt to disrupt the Non-Intervention Committee. German pressure (and presumably Italian pressure) is almost certainly behind these defections; the Fascist Powers may soon be expected to suggest that, in view of differences of opinion, it is time for the Committee to disband and for the Powers to take individual decisions about granting rights to Franco. In that case an important further step will have been taken towards isolating the U.S.S.R. and the Spanish Republic, and towards rendering France and Britain impotent. At the moment General Franco looks like overplaying his hand. If he does not immediately release these ships even Conservative M.P.s may realise that Britain as well as Spain is threatened by the Fascist drive in Spain. They are not all yet ready to agree that General Franco has the right to blockade Britain as well as Spain. The House also showed a great deal of interest in the fate of the remaining members of the International Brigade waiting on the Spanish frontier for repatriation. Since they have already been waiting for two months, Mr. Butler's statement that the arrangements for their return and passage through France were now "virtually complete" seemed a trifle lame.

Poland's Reorientation

Round the truncated fragment of Ruthenia now enjoying quasi-autonomy as Carpatho-Ukraine the Central European Powers move uneasily. It appears probable that Poland and Hungary had laid definite plans for a joint invasion of Ruthenia last week-end, but Germany's veto was decisive and marching orders were countermanded. Poland's reply has been to reaffirm her non-aggression pact with the U.S.S.R.—a move interpretated in Berlin, with some asperity of press comment, as reflecting Polish fears of demands for autonomy on behalf of the large

Ukrainian minority in Silesia. German opposition to the establishment of a common Polish-Hungarian frontier was motivated in part by the desire to discourage the formation of a *bloc* (to which Rumania might have adhered) capable of resisting Nazi progress to the Black Sea. There is little doubt, however, that Germany sees in Carpatho-Ukraine the nucleus of a Greater Ukraine enlarged at the expense of Poland and Russia, subservient to German influence and providing means to encircle Rumania. On Wednesday Codreanu and a number of his fellow prisoners were shot while "trying to escape." This episode may perhaps encourage King Carol in the fight that he is apparently preparing to put up against Fascism of the imported variety. But General Göring's forthcoming visit to Rumania may be taken as evidence that Carol, after his London visit, is looking to Berlin for economic assistance. In Hungary the local brand of Fascism is gaining ground, and the position of the Premier, M. Imrédy, who has lost his Foreign Minister, M. de Kanya, is insecure.

Palestine

The British army of 20,000 is still struggling with its unhappy task of restoring order in Palestine. Nobody believes the German newspaper stories that it is engaged in pillaging, murdering, raping and deliberately starving the Arabs. On the other hand, there is plenty of evidence (as the *Times* showed in a message from its special correspondent in Jerusalem last Monday) that Nazi propaganda and money are actively fomenting the rebellion in Palestine. Hopes of peace hang on the London Conference, the omens for which are none too favourable. The Mufti looms uncertainly and dangerously in the background. Extreme claims are maintained both by many of the Jewish leaders and the Arabs. The real strength of moderate opinion on either side is difficult to gauge, and so also is the influence of the other Arab States. As for making Palestine an immediate asylum for any great number of the victims of persecution in Europe, it is clearly out of the question, as the Colonial Secretary pointed out in the Commons debate last week—and Zionist champions who pretend to the contrary are doing a disservice to their cause. Nor are Mr. Winston Churchill's proposals helpful. He would have us present the Arabs with a ten-year plan, under which there would be a regulated immigration of Jews averaging 30,000 to 35,000 a year. If the Arabs reject that, we should announce that we were discharged from any obligations to them, and straightway arm the Jews. That would doubtless ensure a general war in the Near East; it would hardly establish the National Home for the Jews envisaged by the Balfour Declaration and the Mandate.

Mr. Chamberlain's Odyssey

After Paris, Rome. In pursuit of elusive appeasement the Prime Minister announces yet another exercise in the art of personally conducted diplomacy; having talked man to man with M. Daladier, he proposes next month to beard the Duce in his own lair. Officially, the results of the Paris visit were a "complete identity of views" between the two countries. In so far as this means that both statesmen are supremely anxious to avoid war, the *communiqué* was doubtless accurate. But are they agreed on the methods to be adopted or the price which it is worth paying to preserve peace? Nothing has transpired to indicate such agreement, or even to suggest that Mr. Chamberlain's continental visits are leading him nearer any sort of constructive policy. M. Daladier is believed to have inquired politely how large an Expeditionary Force Britain would supply in the event of war. The Prime Minister's answer was to emphasise the importance of strengthening the French air force. Defence details were left for discussion between the General Staffs. Decisions were predominantly negative—not to accord Franco belligerent rights, not to open at present the colonial question. Mr. Chamberlain doubtless intends in Rome to act as foster-father to a Franco-Italian *détente*, but the lukewarm welcome given by the Italian press to news of his plans is not encouraging to hopes of success in this direction Nor have relations between France and Italy been improved by the shouts of "Tunisia, Corsica, Nice" in the Italian Chamber on Wednesday, when Ciano referred to Italy's "aspirations."

Borrowing and the Budget

Sir John Simon was asked in Parliament on Tuesday to allay business uncertainty by giving some indication how the enlarged defence programme is to be financed. He declined to reveal in advance the nature of the next Budget, but told his questioners that he had come to the conclusion that it would be necessary "at the appropriate time next year" to ask for legislation extending the limits of the Defence Loans Act. Out of the £400 millions authorised, £180 millions will have been borrowed, technically at least, by the end of the current fiscal year, leaving £220 millions unused. Wishful thinking in some quarters promptly read into the Chancellor's statement the implication that next year's borrowing is to exceed £220 millions. Since the gap which will have to be bridged between next year's expenditure and revenue looks like amounting to £230–250 millions, this would mean that there would be no appreciable increase in taxation. We shall see. There is no doubt that with the non-governmental new issue market for capital in its present stagnant state, the Treasury could borrow £250 millions at least without doing more than absorbing the country's annual savings. But Sir John is hardly the man for bold expansionist financial policy. His present announcement means no more than that the whole of the prospective increase in rearmament costs beyond the £1,500 millions originally contemplated cannot be covered by taxation. This everybody realised. The proportion which will be maintained between borrowing and fresh taxes in the next Budget remains the Chancellor's secret.

The Attack on the Milk Bill

The murmurings from the Government side against the Milk Industry Bill have now become such a roaring chorus that the measure will have to be dropped, or at least drastically changed. Heavy pressure has been put on the Government by the Conservative Agricultural Committee as well as by those M.P.s representing urban constituencies where the interests of the small distributors are threatened; the Milk Marketing Board, the National Dairyman's Association and the National Chamber of Trade are all on the warpath. Criticism is directed at various of the Bill's proposals—the establishment of the registered distributors' board, the powers given to the

"bureaucratic" Milk Commission to supervise the industry, and in particular the experimental schemes in rationalising distribution and for compulsory pasteurisation. On this last point the British Medical Association have come out for the defence. "Any abandonment of the Government's safe milk proposals," they declare in a statement issued on Wednesday, "would be contrary to the interests of the public health. Milk, however excellent a foodstuff, is liable to carry disease and can and should be made safe, preferably before it reaches the consumer." Few will disagree with that. But the consumers want their milk cheaper—much cheaper—as well as cleaner. And a great many, who have no sympathy with the anti-Socialist critics of the Bill, can see little prospect of ensuring a substantial reduction of price by fortifying the big capitalist distributors.

"He Knows About It All"

Sir Thomas Inskip is a master of the art of complacency. He said last week-end that, "as far as he could see, there was no article that was likely to be required in time of war for which full provision had not been made in this present time of peace." Oho! Bomb-proof refuges, anti-aircraft guns, fighting and other aeroplanes, oil, foodstuffs, munitions, all the essential supplies, full provision has been made for every one of them—even, no doubt, for the requisite supply of brain-power to conduct the war and courage to endure its consequences. But even that is not everything. Sir Thomas has, in addition, a complete knowledge of the national resources of man-power. "We have registers of various sorts, of which the public know very little." If Sir Thomas means the National Health and Unemployment Insurance registers, he may be reminded that the "public," which is largely insured, probably knows a good deal more about them than he does himself. If he means the various private registers of professional persons, such as doctors and "intellectuals," he will find, when he comes to use them, that quite a number of persons are entered several times over in various registers, and liable to contradictory calls, whereas others are not entered at all. But Sir Thomas's complacency cannot be shaken. It cannot, he says, be true that the Government are hiding ugly facts about the national defences, since, if they were, sooner or later their purpose would be defeated because of the many people outside Government circles who were becoming acquainted with the facts upon which their advice was being sought. Quite!

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One point which came out in this week's debate on the Special Areas was that talk about the industries which are being attracted to settle on the new Trading Estates is apt to mislead, unless it is remembered that some of these factories are merely migrating from one place in the Special Areas where they will not get subsidies to another where they will. The net amount of new employment provided may therefore be in reality a good deal less than appears from the published figures. If a Cardiff or a Newcastle-on-Tyne industry moves to a Trading Estate, the effect on total employment in the South Wales or North-Eastern area may be negligible, or even negative, when the new factories are more highly mechanised than the old. This is no condemnation of the Trading Estates policy, which is doubtless good on the whole. But it must be borne in mind that if all the efforts to get new factories started are concentrated on the Estates, this gives no help to particular villages or small towns when the demand for labour has shrunk up, save to the extent to which the workers can migrate to the neighbourhood of the new Estates. In a number of cases, the need is for new employment in the immediate district in which the surplus workers now live; it should be added that many towns and villages outside the scheduled Special Areas have as strong a claim as places in these areas to be considered when the provision of employment is in question. The entire Special Areas policy is not only on too small a scale, but unduly restrictive in its application and unduly based on the rough and ready method of treating South Wales or the North-East as a single unit, without regard to local needs within their regions.

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THE PERIL OF FRANCE

THE English spectator has followed the news of recent events in France with ever-growing anxiety. The workers have an unanswerable case against the Daladier Government, and the motives that prompted the Confédération Générale du Travail to call a general strike are not difficult to understand. But when once the men took to direct action, they raised an issue wider by far than the detailed wrongs against which they protested. They were accused of repudiating democracy and imperilling representative government in France. But it would take more than a twenty-four hours' demonstrative strike to undermine institutions so deeply rooted in the character and traditions of the French people. And in fact this strike had no such aim. It was both a protest against the flouting of Parliament by the Government and a symptom of the decay of parliamentary prestige.

The strike itself, only relatively impressive in some towns in the provinces, failed, as everyone foresaw, in Paris. The generalship of the C.G.T. may have been to blame, for it used an essentially revolutionary weapon with constitutional moderation. A lightning strike at the briefest notice would have stood a better chance of success. As it was, while M. Jouhaux aimed at a "minutely organised" demonstration, monumental in its display of disciplined order, he gave M. Daladier ample time to concert his counter-measures. It may be questioned whether he strained the law when he mobilised the entire working staffs of the railways, the public services and the coal mines, but this step was manifestly effective. It is probable that the men's leaders adopted this one day demonstration as a mild substitute for the serious strikes of many days' duration that were breaking out spontaneously in the engineering workshops and the mines. For the lightning in a very angry sky they provided a conductor. It suited M. Daladier to interpret their gesture of protest as a challenge to mortal combat. He rejected every attempt by third parties to "save the face" of both sides by arranging a compromise by negotiation, and met the men's anxious efforts to preserve order by a provocative display of military power, backed by tanks and courts martial. It is probable that what the men's leaders really hoped to achieve by threatening a general strike was to oblige M. Daladier to do now what he ought to have done before he issued his decrees. They wanted conferences and a negotiated peace. M. Daladier, a man who masks his inner weakness under a show of bluster, saw that he could safely fight a pitched battle. He has won his victory, but in winning it he has aggravated the antagonism of classes and laid up trouble for the future.

The state of mind that caused this explosion requires no complicated explanation. The working class and the Left won its parliamentary victory in May, 1936. The Popular Front carried its generous social programme with a rush in its first few weeks of office. Since that initial triumph, everything had gone against it. Speculation, hoarding and the export of capital smashed the franc and raised prices. Given the angry relations that prevailed between too many employers and the unions, production fell alarmingly. M. Blum tried by bold financial proposals that included a capital levy and a mild form of exchange control to balance the sagging budget, but the Senate came to the rescue of property and brought him down. Thereafter the victory at the polls became a memory, and the Popular Front, though its voting power actually grew in the electorate, ceased to govern. Successive "radical" Premiers moved steadily towards the Right. Menaced in Spain and shamed at Munich, France fell to the level of a second-rate Power. Finally, M. Daladier took to governing by decree, and used his dictatorial powers to wipe out the major achievement of the Popular Front, the forty-hour week. He had promised to submit his ordinances to the Chamber by mid-November. That undertaking he broke. If the workers by calling an orderly one-day demonstrative strike, resorted to a gesture foreign to constitutional forms, it must be borne in mind that they had small reason to respect the workings of this constitution. Somehow, whether by the dark operations of the "two hundred families," the fallibility of leaders or the exercise of British influence, they had seen themselves deprived of the fruits of a resounding electoral victory. It was not against legislation duly passed by the Chamber that they struck. They were protesting against the autocratic decisions of a Prime Minister whom two-thirds of the victorious majority of May had deserted. If this was in appearance an unconstitutional strike, it was in reality aimed against a Ministry which had itself betrayed the spirit of the constitution.

In substance the decrees were certainly as provocative as they were challenging in form. M. Reynaud, who had won general respect by his courage and objectivity in opposition, fell back with a certain cynicism on a classically capitalistic interpretation of the economic crisis. He sought to give "confidence" to the owning class by encouraging it to multiply profits. Exported capital was to be lured back by the expectation of great gains. Production was to be speeded up by turning the forty-hour week in effect into one of fifty hours. Overtime rates were to be cut and staffs (notably on the railways) heavily reduced. A slight increase of 2 per cent. in the direct taxes that fall on earned income contrasted with heavy increases in indirect taxes on foods and such workaday luxuries as coffee. Finally the men, with no friendly Government to protect them, saw themselves exposed to discriminatory and vindictive dismissals on a large scale in several of the bigger industries. Summoned to patriotic sacrifices in the interests of national defence, they felt indisposed to rally to a Ministry which has weakened France by betraying both Spaniards and Czechs, while it celebrates Hitler's pogroms with a paper pledge of friendship that may involve the abandonment of the Russian alliance. Over foreign policy the French working class may be divided, for a part of it is deeply pacifist. But these decrees had united it against M. Daladier's domestic policy. Unluckily, in the situation into which it has been driven it has had recourse to tactics that may further weaken its solidarity and endanger the democratic institutions of which it is the stoutest guardian.

The danger is now that M. Daladier, an unstable personality, must rely on the Right when at last he calls the Chamber together. He has contrived finally to alienate the Socialists, a party very slow under M. Blum's gentle leadership to go into opposition: he has even antagonised a section of his own party. His reluctance under these conditions to face the Chamber is at least intelligible. He must now embrace, if he means to survive,

not merely those propertied groups which are reliably republican, but near-Fascists of the Flandin type as well. For some time he has played with the idea of dissolving and outlawing the Communist Party, which is not to-day the revolutionary element in the French working class, though it may be the backbone of its resistance. Like M. Bonnet's schemes for muzzling the press and the law courts, this first step towards the Totalitarian State was conceived as a form of imitative flattery addressed to Adolf Hitler. Even in the glow of this week's victory M. Daladier probably lacks both the strength of will and the necessary support to sabotage democracy in so open a fashion. But the state of mind that could toy with such plans is a symptom of the decay of democracy in France. The class struggle approaches a bitterness that recalls the condition of Germany during the world slump. Parliamentary institutions show the same inadequacy, and from Laval to Daladier a series of "strong men" have done what Dr. Brüning had to do. They have governed by decree. In one fortunate respect that parallel breaks down; the working class has achieved a relatively satisfactory measure of unity, though it has had of late no inspired tactician at its head. It has had to realise the limitations of any merely political success in a society that retains its capitalistic structure. What seems to be won by the workers' ballot can be retrieved by the steady will of employers and the juggling of finance. This sick democracy faces its ordeal in a peculiarly perilous world. It is hard to say which is for it the graver peril—the caresses of Hitler or Mussolini's blows. If with British complicity it should finally be encircled on its southern frontier, the process of strangulation might be rapid. The best wish that English democrats can conceive for France is that as promptly as possible, under M. Herriot or another like-minded man, a Ministry of internal conciliation may replace the disastrous crew that M. Daladier has led into strife at home and surrender abroad.

RAILWAYS IN REVERSE

In every depression since the war the British railways have made persevering, if not very heroic, efforts to recapture lost profits; and each attempt has failed. They have tried, in turn, cutting wages and raising charges; they have petitioned Parliament for heavier taxes on their road competitors and extended road operating powers for themselves; they have spent large sums on main-line electrification and have wooed the travelling public (not unsuccessfully) with the cheap monthly return. In vain. Every trough in net income has been deeper than its predecessor, each succeeding recovery less vigorous. The current recession, bringing with it a renewed shrinkage of receipts to the tune of over £10 millions a year, has looked as if it might force the railways to approach the State as suppliants begging for financial aid even at the cost of forfeiting the status of private enterprise.

Those who had read their Karl Marx and predicted this outcome as inevitable were reckoning, for the moment at least, without the railway managements. Venerable in years, yet enjoying the agile and resourceful wits of those who have conquered night starvation, the railway directors have thrown down a challenge. Not theirs the craven whimper for subsidy, not for them the fardels of public utility control. Let the coalowners, the steel manufacturers, the beet-sugar producers barter individualism for assistance-cum-regimentation; the railways could manage well enough if they were allowed to be masters in their own houses. Nationalisation? Nonsense. All that is needed to overcome road competition and restore net earnings to a reasonable figure is to sweep away a century's accumulation of statutory restrictions on charges and preferential treatment of users. Let the legislative locomotive be put into reverse and the railways be allowed to run free. Thus do Lord Stamp and his colleagues cock a snook at the Marxists.

It is magnificent audacity, but it is not politics. Nor is it even sound economics. When the railways, towards the middle of the nineteenth century, established a virtual monopoly over the traffic in passengers and freight arising from the growth of industrial production and trade, the State inevitably decided that their franchise must be severely restricted in the public interest. A "common carrier" liability was imposed on all lines, compelling them to accept any goods offered; maximum charges per passenger-mile and ton-mile were enacted; gradually an elaborate structure of statutory rates was evolved. Those rates, which had to be accorded uniformly to all customers, were based broadly on the principle that coal and other bulky raw materials essential for industry must be carried cheaply, even unremuneratively. Profits could be extracted from the carriage of more costly merchandise capable of bearing higher charges. As we shall see, this system of rate-grading is to-day highly embarrassing for the railways; but it is quite certain that Parliament will not consent to their demand for its abolition.

Freed from all rate-control the railways would be in a position to act dictatorially, and to exercise an influence over the community which could not be tolerated. They could unintentionally cripple a small trader by quoting lower rates to a large competitor whose more valuable custom they desired to attract. They could raise their charges for the transport of fuel to a level injurious to the competitive power of British manufacturing industry. In areas, and in respect of classes of goods, where road competition was strong, transport costs would be low. In others they would be high. There would be local and seasonal rate wars. The result would be chaotic for the transport-user; and it is by no means certain that even railway revenue would benefit. The road hauliers would go down fighting, and in the battle rail and road transport alike might go bankrupt, while the public momentarily enjoyed cut-price transport at the expense of seeing great national assets wasted in a stupid and destructive struggle.

There will be general agreement that the railways' present proposals are impracticable. What then? It is impossible to disregard the fact that the financial position of the four main-line groups is, in terms of a capitalist economy, increasingly serious. They are not losing money; even this year net receipts will exceed £25 millions. But their capitalisation—about £1,200 millions—is immense, and in comparison with 1913 an 80 per cent. increase in working costs far outweighs a 40 per cent. expansion of gross receipts. Cuts in the barely adequate scales of railway wages would be a grave social injustice; but there is little scope for economies in other directions unless tracks and rolling stock are to be allowed to deteriorate. With nearly half the stockholders' capital unremunerated, there is real danger of an attack on the railway workers' standard of life if nothing is done to reverse the present steady fall in traffic receipts.

The factors responsible for that decline are, partly, the diminished flow of export trade and the substitution of electric power for steam in factories, but mainly the progressive diversion of freight to the roads. Not merely has Britain's industrial output tended increasingly to take the form of relatively light and handily transportable manufactures; the road hauliers, free to pick and choose their customers and freight, have "creamed" the traffic, undercutting the railways' top grades in the classified rates structure and leaving them the less remunerative categories of goods. The loss of traffic by the railways through road competition (including not merely the licensed hauliers, but the fleets of vehicles maintained by firms for their own use) can be put conservatively to-day at £40 millions a year.

What conclusion is to be drawn? If the railways are

denied the " bonny fecht " with the road hauliers for which they appear to be spoiling, they will doubtless urge that there must be equal regimentation of road transport charges. In theory, there would be no difficulty in bringing road transport within the purview of an enlarged Railway Rates Tribunal, but there is the obstacle that there are several hundred independent road haulage firms, so that enforcement of minimum charges would be difficult. Moreover, not only would restrictions on rate-cutting by road hauliers leave unsolved the problem of loss of traffic from the railways to manufacturers' own road fleets; it would do nothing to prevent wasteful overlapping of services. If the road transport interests could be persuaded or coerced into combination, agreement to develop complementary, rather than competitive, services might be secured. But how is the multiplicity of haulier firms to be welded by Parliament into combines? The question is easier to pose than to answer.

The country, in short, is confronted with this situation. The railways—a vital link in the national transport system—are becoming, under the stress of road competition, a depressed industry. They cannot be allowed to drift into a position in which they can neither adequately remunerate their workers or maintain properly their equipment. To ask the taxpayer to provide moneys usable, at the directors' discretion, for dividends to stockholders would be indefensible. Equally, it would be uneconomic to deprive traders of the advantages of road transport in order to restore the railways' earnings. Within the terms of capitalist ownership a vicious circle is established; the interests of the public and those of the warring sections of the transport industry cannot be reconciled. For all the railway directors' present gesture of defiance, Karl Marx, we suspect, will be justified in the end. Only under comprehensive public control can transport services be economically co-ordinated.

A LONDON DIARY

Frenchmen who watched Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Halifax at the banquet which concluded the discussions in Paris, report that while Lord Halifax looked wonderfully *distingué* but also tired, Mr. Chamberlain was pink, fresh and obviously enjoying conversation with scores of people up to 1 o'clock in the morning. My French friend adds that he seems to have fallen in love with foreign affairs, rather as an elderly man who knows nothing of women falls in love for the first time. He brought nothing back with him from Paris. The accounts in this journal last week of the discussions on defence and Spain need no amendment. The French are always prepared (they were in the case of Czechoslovakia) to announce a determination to stand by Britain in case of attack, but it remains dubious how much this guarantee is worth if Bonnet gets away with his Franco-German pact of friendship. Its object is clearly to neutralise France in the event of Germany being in trouble with someone or other. The next trouble is anyone's guess. The *News Chronicle's* report that Germany is mobilising several army corps for use perhaps in the Ukraine is not confirmed, but that signifies little, for no one knows to what extent Germany really demobilised after Munich. The most important fact is that in spite of the £80 million that Goebbels is supposed to be extracting from the Jews, Dr. Schacht is reporting more emphatically than ever before that Germany will shortly be forced either to inflate or to cut down expenditure, and that Hitler refuses both alternatives. Some people expect him to demand a loan from Britain. Personally, I scout this notion as quite contrary to the general lines of his policy. Rather I expect him to turn his attention to Catholic capitalists as he has recently to Jewish. I doubt if he would go as far with the Catholics since they are not quite sub-human. But there have been for some time ominous reports of Hitler's intention to deal with the other religious bodies in Germany and my hunch is that the persecution of the Catholics will soon be intensified. If so, Hitler will be running even bigger risks than ever; at least a third of Germany is Catholic. But to-day no gamble can be regarded as out of the question. Hitler, I understand, has totally thrown aside his moderate advisers and listens only to Ribbentrop and the extremists.

* * *

I hope the National Executive of the Labour Party appreciated the generous praise which the *Times* gave to their " no-alliances " decision last week. With obvious relief the leader writer congratulated them on " resisting temptation " and " refusing to sacrifice principles to an extent which would be a grievous disappointment to those of their followers who are politically sincere." It is nice to think of the disinterested concern of the *Times* that the Labour Movement should remain loyal to the " pure Socialism " of Transport House. Personally I want the Labour Party to be more, not less, Socialist, but to contemplate *ad hoc* working agreements is not to give up one's principles or long-range objectives, and I regard any declaration that adds to Labour's reputation for " sectarianism " as bad tactics at the present stage of politics. Emphasis on party particularism helps Mr. Chamberlain. The latest statistics of the Institute of Public Opinion, for instance, show 49 per cent. for Mr. Chamberlain while 40 per cent. favoured a Government led by Mr. Eden. This means not that 89 per cent. were Conservatives, but that people felt that the only effective way of opposing the present Government was to support Mr. Eden. The Labour Party rightly remains conscious that it is, above all, the party of the proletariat. But I am not sure that it fully realises how much of the proletariat is now black-coated. The sons of working men to-day have many of them had a secondary education and they will not accept a purely working-class ideology. This new class is capable of giving a new vigour to the Labour Party (as the success of the Left Book Club shows) if the Labour leaders did not seem terrified of vigour. As things are going now, it looks as if we are more likely to see repeated in Britain the experience of other countries in which the vigour of the opposition to the established order has been diverted into nationalist and anti-democratic channels. If this happens the very pure Socialists will be largely to blame.

* * *

One of the most experienced of political organisers illustrated this point well the other day. " The Labour Party," he said, " has too modest a notion of salesmanship and modern methods. It does not ' star ' its leaders and it thinks the public, especially the Labour public, likes leaders to be ' matey ' and behave exactly as if they were rank and file. I have seen," he went on, " Mr. Attlee and Arthur Greenwood arrive for a public meeting just as if they were ordinary people and go and have a meal in a back street teashop. I suppose they think this is popular. It's a complete mistake. The young worker to-day does not regard the back street teashop as a proper place for himself, let alone for his political leader. He takes his girl for a shilling meal in a great gilded room behind a cinema and respects smartness and publicity in politics as he does in the film, or sport or any other aspect of life. It's all rot to suppose that a Labour leader should not advertise his arrival in a big way. You don't think Mr. Churchill or Mr. Lloyd George—who certainly need less advertising—get their monster meetings without big preparatory publicity, do you? " " No," I said, " and to confirm what you say I heard a report of the crowds of voters who stand listening to the loud-speaker vans of the Council of Action. I'm told that this is not because the gospel taught is specially attractive, but because the Council has really smart, up-to-date vans that appeal to the mechanical mind! As for being ' matey '—what the Americans call ' accessible ' —that is an essential quality for a Labour leader. But you are quite right all the same. When you've built up your leader into a great political figure whom everyone wants to court, then, oh! then, how much more valuable his mateyness is! "

* * *

Correspondents urge that it is illogical to abolish flogging

as part of a sentence and maintain it as a punishment for use in case of violent attacks upon warders. Illogical, of course, and I wish the Government would go the whole hog. I believe it could do so safely, especially now that the psychology of prison has been so much changed by letting men earn money and buy tobacco. Prison officials say that this has gone far to solve the problem of discipline; violence is now very rare in any case and the threat to withhold "privileges" extremely effective. Prison officers hate flogging, and regard it as degrading to themselves and generally as harmful to discipline. But some of them say that they need some special punishment—to be used very rarely—for the occasional prisoner who attacks the warder. He has been punished already with solitary confinement. They have no further threat, if flogging is altogether abolished. "Well," I said to one official who argued in this way, "supposing prisons were camps and cells only rarely used as places of special punishment, then do you think you could do without the cat?" "Certainly," he said, "and that is what we should like."

* * *

I have always thought that Withington was one of the most beautiful Cotswold villages. A friend of mine discovered it a few days ago when he went to see the Roman villa at Chedworth; and spent the whole of Saturday—it was perfect autumn weather—walking on the hills around. Though he is a townsman, he could not help noticing that many of the fields round the village had gone out of cultivation, and that evening, over a pint of beer in the Old Mill Inn, he inquired about the state of agriculture. "Why, there is hardly a farmer left in the village," he was told. "The big houses are taken by business men from London and they don't even preserve. Good farming land is being ruined, and all they do is to potter round shooting rabbits." The conversation seemed to be flagging, and in order to say something, my friend asked who lived in the Manor House at the top of the hill. "Oh, that is Mr. Morrison," was the answer, "Minister of Agriculture, you know." And there the conversation ended, as no one had anything else to say.

* * *

"Poor old Jim," said the man who was leaning on the counter, "but it was time he went." "Ah!" said an ancient sitting in the corner by the fire, "Jim was a proper respectable man. He was the last man I knew who took off his hat when he went into the bank." I overheard this fragment of conversation the other day in a Leicester pub. Completely baffled, I asked a friend who was with me and who lived in the district, why Jim took off his hat. He explained to me that it used to be the custom for anyone with a banking account to express in this way his respect for the great institutions which kept his money safe. Was this once a national custom, or are Leicester men peculiarly prone to doff their hats? In any case it seems better than the modern habit of going to the bank cap in hand.

* * * *

Since we are now told nothing by our statesmen about the Government's intentions until after each change of policy, we shall have to teach our children a new technique for elucidating the truth from newspaper reports of international conferences. I suggest the following question to teachers of international relations. "King Carol lunched in the City of London, shot hares with President Lebrun and has now invited General Göring to shoot bears with him in Roumania. What (*a*) political, (*b*) economic, conclusions do you draw from facts?"

* * *

The latest story from Germany. A drunk who had caused a row by calling Goebbels a *schweinhund* was tried and punished for three offences. First, for being drunk and disorderly; secondly, for using abusive language about a person in authority and, thirdly, for endangering the safety of the State by revealing an official secret.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to R. M. McNeill.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Extracts should not be sent without their context. The article or passage should be sent in full with the proposed excerpt marked.

Wanted bright General for godly Ulster household of nine; wages £16; use of harmonium Sabbath afternoons.—Advert. in *News Letter*.

In one place, Marjorie Sandford, playing Lily Pepper, was supposed to make a reference to the Almighty. The name of Jack Hylton was substituted.—*Evening Standard*.

Let us thank God for a Prime Minister who knows a trap when he sees one. Collective Security is now publicly exposed and may be expected to sink into disrepute. The truth is that it expressed that curse of modern political thinking—the organisation of groups against one another instead of for mutual aid. The Party System, trade unions and employers' federations, the League of Nations, all of them stood for disruption rather than for a concord of wills.—*Catholic Times*.

Will the Person who borrowed the two Ferrets a month ago and borrowed another on Tuesday night, with string of Onions, return one Ferret and keep the Onions?—Advert. in *Kent and Sussex Courier*.

The planting of roses on the Maginot Line will recall to many who served in France during the Great War the profusion of flowers that adorned the trenches in the summer months, red poppies, white daisies, and blue cornflowers predominating—an unconscious display of patriotism in Nature which even the havoc of war did not defeat.—Letter to the *Times*.

The chairman (of the Carlisle bench), Mr. W. Dobinson, said that magistrates were determined to suppress hooliganism at country dances.

Doorkeepers at the dance declared that two rotten eggs were thrown at the dancers, but Mr. Lionel Lightfoot (defending) asserted that the eggs were fresh.—*Yorkshire Post*.

If you have been holding up because of the "international situation" or in the fear that prices will drop—get busy now. Europe's difficulties are settled, and so are prices so far as you are concerned.—*Outfitter*

DISSATISFIED

"I AM not satisfied with anything or anybody," said Mr. Hore-Belisha in answer to a question in the House of Commons on Tuesday. This is discontent on the heroic scale. It goes far beyond Oscar Wilde's disappointment in the Atlantic Ocean and the young aesthete's dissatisfaction with the stars in the Milky Way on the ground that there were too many of them. It must be embarrassing to Mr. Chamberlain to have so outspokenly dissatisfied a colleague. It is, of course, nothing new for a Cabinet Minister to be dissatisfied with his Prime Minister, as according to his statement Mr. Hore-Belisha must be, but it is something new for him to declare his dissatisfaction so openly and to remain in the Cabinet. Other Ministers must feel equally self-conscious at Cabinet meetings, knowing that they are under observation by a colleague who approves of none of them and of nothing that any of them is trying to do. One would expect Mr. Hore-Belisha in the circumstances to leave his post and join Mr. William Gallagher, who after him is probably dissatisfied with more people and things in the House of Commons than any other Member. But then, presumably, Mr. Hore-Belisha is also dissatisfied with Mr. Gallagher.

Whence, I wonder, does this divine discontent of Mr. Hore-Belisha's spring? Is it from a dream of perfection such as is unattainable under the sun and stars? It is a dream that many of us have had in hours of inspiration. Some of

us have dreamed, for example, of the perfect cigarette, though we know at the back of our minds that no such cigarette is to be bought or will ever be bought in shops in which mortals serve behind the counters. We share Plato's feeling, however, that somewhere in the spiritual universe the perfect cigarette exists and we go through life trying to recall its fragrance from a previous existence and comparing every cigarette we smoke with it. This is a constant source of dissatisfaction and leads to many unfair criticisms of the wares of human manufacturers. In such matters, it seems to me, the perfect is often the enemy of the good.

I have known golfers, again, who devoted their lives to the pursuit of the perfect drive. Even when they drove balls distances that seemed to me miraculous, they would brush aside compliments with a mumbled suggestion that they ought to have done better, manifestly having in their mind's eye a drive that could be achieved only in Heaven. I do not say that all golfers are like this. There are golfers who, after a good stroke, cannot conceal their satisfaction both with themselves and with the world. There are golfers who are even satisfied if they do not slice the ball into the long grass. They, I think, are the happiest of all. Who could fail to envy the man who is most easily satisfied?

On the other hand, we have to face the fact that the progress of the world, including progress at golf, is largely the result of dissatisfaction. Great reforms arrive only when a thoroughly dissatisfied man has made thousands of his fellow-men equally dissatisfied. Whatever may be said for satisfaction in golf, there is nothing to be said for satisfaction in politics. It is impossible to imagine anything more repugnant than a House of Commons in which all the Members were satisfied and looked it. The ordinary problem for a Member of Parliament is whether to be satisfied with half measures or whether to remain dissatisfied till he has seen Utopia in working order. If he believes in the perfectibility of man, he will obviously go on grumbling. Even if he does not believe in the perfectibility of man he will probably also go on grumbling, since it seems certain that for several millenaries to come there will still be plenty to grumble about.

Fortunately, the man who is dissatisfied with everything, like the man who is satisfied with everything, is rare. Few men seek absolute perfection in every part of their lives. The man who is impatient of anything but perfection on the golf-course is as often as not perfectly satisfied with his wife, though he knows that she is imperfect since she is human. The man who seeks to assist humanity towards perfection through politics and cannot rest till it has been achieved will probably put up very contentedly with a second-rate cigar. It is this balance of satisfactions and dissatisfactions that makes us what we are, and to which of the two we owe the greater part of our happiness, who can decide?

There is no man, I fancy, who would like never to have known dissatisfaction. Memories of dissatisfaction with a badly ruled world, shared by men and women equally dissatisfied, are as a rule happy memories. There are few of the old Suffragists, I am sure, who do not look back with considerable cheerfulness to the grand days of their discontent. I have known many men who have lost the enthusiastic dissatisfaction of their youth, but I have seldom met one who repented of it. Even disappointment in the results achieved does not take away the flavour of the golden years. When we read biographies, it is the men who were dissatisfied, not the men who were satisfied, whom we chiefly envy.

Dissatisfaction can, of course, be carried too far. There are those who are dissatisfied on principle and go about pluming themselves on the fact that they are so difficult to please. I once knew a man who if you praised almost any work of art to him would groan, "Dreadful!" Books, painting and music were all alike to him mostly bad. If he had lived in the days of Shakespeare, he would have deplored the cheap humour of Falstaff and the fustian of King Lear. He thought Henry Irving the worst of actors, and found the dancing of Pavlova excruciating. Many of his friends admired the severity of his taste and suspected that it was better than their own; and it may be, indeed, that he had a vision of Heavenly perfection in comparison with which the performances of human beings seemed the muddled efforts of incompetents. I doubt, however, whether a man, whatever vision he may have had, has the right to be so doggedly dissatisfied with earthly imperfection. To be excessively dissatisfied with imperfection in others leads to satisfaction with oneself, which is too easily attainable to be worth attaining.

I sometimes wonder whether dissatisfaction with food and wine is any more to be commended than dissatisfaction with works of art. Is the gourmet any happier than the man who can eat and drink anything? I know a man who, when a wine that seems to me quite palatable is served, actually enjoys calling the waiter and telling him: "This wine is corked." In matters of food, he has an extraordinary talent for enjoying not enjoying things. I know another man who can sip a glass of the worst public-house port—and that is saying much—as appreciatively as if it were nectar. "I always like a glass of good port," he says, his eyes brightening. But what he likes, of course, is not the glass of port he is drinking, but his imagination of a glass of port. Other men are as happy in the presence of a tough steak, restaurant salmon boiled into insipidity, and stewed prunes that have gone sour.

When I have found myself envying these happy and imaginative eaters and drinkers, I have been pulled up by the reflection that, if everybody were like them, there would be much less good food and wine in the world. In the hotel and the restaurant, as in politics, it is the dissatisfied grumbler who brings about progress—not the conscientious grumbler but the discriminating grumbler. I am too timid to grumble myself, and I feel uneasy when anybody at the same table grumbles; but I am always glad when I hear an exasperated guest not of my acquaintance telling the truth to a head-waiter or hotel-manager. There is always the possibility, I feel, that our great-grandchildren may reap the benefit of this.

Hence, it seems to me, the gourmet must be regarded as a public benefactor. He must not be too much of a gourmet, however. He must not be one of those people like Mr. Hore-Belisha, who are dissatisfied with everything and everybody. If he sends away every dish with disgust and declares that every bottle of wine brought to him is corked, he will come to be regarded merely as an eccentric individual and not as the representative of a furiously dissatisfied public. I conclude from this that, though dissatisfaction is a virtue, it must be a controlled dissatisfaction, likely to lead to results. Zealotry in dissatisfaction, like Mr. Hore-Belisha's, defeats its own ends. We all respect the fine Shelleyan unrest in his nature to which he confesses, but I hope that, for the sake of others, he will keep it within bounds. Y. Y.

BIRDS IN LONDON

DURING the war to end war a soldier told me how, at the height of a bombardment, skylarks would rise and sing over the stricken fields of Flanders. The touching incongruity of their valiant, trustful hymns heard in the brief lulls from noisy, mechanical destruction somehow relieved his jaded spirits. These larks of the battlefield have been celebrated in verse, and I was reminded of them when, in the midst of the din of sabre-rattling and explosions of bellicose propaganda, deafening the ears and bewildering the souls of Europe, there fell into my hands a little green-covered book of some thirty pages. It was the Report for the year 1937 of the Committee on Bird Sanctuaries in the Royal Parks of England.*

The Royal Parks are all in London or within its immediate periphery. The growth of London has driven the birds away from many places where they used to live and nest; but it is not the propinquity of men nor the noise of mechanised activity that has ousted them; it is deprivation of the neces-

* H.M. Stationery Office. Price 6d.

sities of life and reproduction. Birds, more than any other naturally wild animals, if you except those surreptitious parasites, mice and rats, that prey upon men's stores, and those lesser creatures that prey upon their bodies, choose of their own free will to live in close association with them. The intimacy of this association varies in degree according to circumstances, and, generally speaking, is governed by convenience. The swallows, martins and swifts, no doubt, find men's dwellings more convenient to their use than the cliffs and caves they must have used before men learned to build; the robin that sits on the handle of the wheelbarrow beside you as you work in the garden, watching your every movement and soliloquising the while, has regard rather to what you may turn up with the fork than to pleasure in your company; the London wood-pigeons are attracted to you only as a potential purveyor of food; many other birds are drawn to the vicinity of men by the increased supplies of food which spring from cultivation of the soil. It is true, on the other hand, that cultivation and drainage deprive certain birds of the habitat essential to their way of life, and to these man has no benefits to offer. To them the presence of men is inimical; but they are driven away not so much by men as by men's works. In general, birds, if they are not actively persecuted, display a cheerful if somewhat wary confidence in men and are more ready than other wild animals to respond to overtures of friendship.

It should not, therefore, surprise us that in the parks which lie in the very heart of London—Hyde Park, Kensington Gardens, St. James's Park and the Green Park—the presence, for long or short periods, of representatives of no less than sixty-three species of birds (not including exotic ornamental waterfowl) was recorded in the year. A wider survey, including Regent's Park, Primrose Hill, Greenwich Park, Bushy and Hampton Court Parks, Richmond Park and Kew Gardens, brings the number of kinds to well over one hundred. In Bushy and Hampton Court Parks eighty-six species were listed and of these fifty-four kinds nested. The list of breeders includes Sparrow Hawk, Kingfisher, Magpie, two kinds of Owl, the Long-tailed Tit, all the four common species of Tit, and the three British species of Woodpecker. In Richmond Park one hundred and four species were recorded, of which fifty-eight, and it may be more, bred in the Park.

The records of the Committee on Bird Sanctuaries are based on the observations of a number of ornithologists of repute aided by competent, though less highly trained, observers. Most of the birds probably escape the notice of the general public. The appearance on the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens of a number of dabchicks, birds of feeble flight, seems to have provoked among the inhabitants of London none of the excitement that occurred many years ago in a village remotely situated among the Wiltshire Downs when one of these birds appeared on the village pond. The villagers, who had never seen the like, brought out the oldest inhabitant and village oracle in his chair, and setting him beside the pond awaited his verdict with eagerness. "Thic theer burd," he said, after a brief examination, "be a zea 'oodcock"; and the "sea woodcock" was the pride of the village until, after a brief sojourn, it disappeared.

Another, much rarer diver, a Red-necked Grebe, appeared on the Round Pond at the end of January, during a period of violent gales and, almost simultaneously, a Slavonian Grebe appeared on the Serpentine. They were both, no doubt, storm-bound; but it is interesting that they showed no great haste to leave their resting place in the haunts of men.

No one could cross the bridge in St. James's Park or stroll down the Broad Walk in Regent's Park, or linger in bird-frequented parts of any of the parks, without realising that birds play a quite large part in the life of Londoners—greater indeed than in the lives of most country folk, who are very apt to take bird life for granted and pay little attention to it. It is not the rare birds of passage that especially draw the attention of Londoners, but rather those which are resident, if not all the year round, at least for long periods and gather together where Londoners congregate. To them, I think, the most interesting section of the report will be that which deals with St. James's Park and the Green Park. The author of this section devotes a good deal of his report to the behaviour of birds. He finds that they are becoming progressively tamer and draws a pleasant picture of the black-headed gulls using the heads and other parts of the anatomy of bystanders as perches on which to wait their turn to be fed by a benefactor who brings bacon rind for their delectation. It is a picture with which thousands are familiar, only to be equalled by the sight of a row of sparrows perched at the end of the bridge and catching pellets of bread thrown to them by another regular visitor as accurately as the Zoo sea lions catch fish.

A Scots gamekeeper, we learn, who had returned to his own country after a holiday in London, was asked what had most impressed him during his visit. He replied, "Seeing the cushie-doos (wood pigeons) eating from a man's hand." The tameness of the London wood-pigeons will always be a subject of wonder to those who have known these wary birds in the country, just as they are astonished to find the shy, retiring carrion crow nesting within a hundred yards or so of a busy thoroughfare beside Regent's Park. Yet the reason for this difference of habit is simple; in London these birds are welcomed, in the country they are outlaws.

Other sections of the report will not appeal to so wide a public. But there are many, country-born and naturalists at heart, whose work holds them in the Metropolis. To these this little book opens up the prospect of a new recreation, a new interest in London life. They may become contributors to the record of the Committee, and, discovering the country in London, may find London life more interesting than they had conceived. For how many would have believed that you may hear the chiff-chaff within fifty yards of the India Office, watch the kingfisher flash, all orange and azure, in the sunlight, over the Long Water, flush a woodcock in Kensington Gardens, see kestrels at home in the heart of London, hear the nightingale in Richmond Park, and, here and in adjoining parks, find such a variety of bird life that he who has faithfully studied all of it is in a fair way to merit the title of ornithologist?

MORYS GASCOYEN

UP FROM ZUMMERZET

A BRIDGWATER BALLAD

(Acknowledgments to F. E. Weatherly)

OH, we bides down in Zummerzet
Tu plough an' reap an' hoe,
And there be things in Government
As bain't vor we tu know.
We'm nurt but simple varmer-volk
All in the West Countree,
But when us votes vor Parliament
We bain't so green, bain't we.

They had zum tiff with vurriners,
Girt talk of fighting too,
But next t'were all made up again
Just like with sweethearts true;
There du be word of zummat signed
As puts a stop tu war,
But if us bain't tu fight again
What be they arming vor?

Papers do say our home defence
Be in a proper muck,
Though they War Office chaps deny
As zummat do be stuck.
But there be gaffer Chamberlain
To act if that be so—
So we'm sent up from Zummerzet
Because us wants tu know.

SAGITTARIUS

Correspondence

IS GERMANY CAPITALIST?

SIR,—Would you allow me to say a few words about the interesting problem raised by Mr. R. H. S. Crossman in his article: "Is Nazi Germany Capitalistic?"

I agree almost completely with Mr. Crossman's definition of a capitalistic society as one in which the development of industrial production and the flow of investment are motivated by the quest for profits, and in which the owners and controllers of the means of production have a predominant influence in public affairs.

I also agree with Mr. Crossman's description of conditions in Germany: "Investment does not flow freely or stay idle as it pleases; it is regimented and conscripted." "The distribution of raw materials and of capital to the various industries is regulated not by market transactions but by State-planners." "Everyone, including industrialists, bankers, workers and peasantry, is set to work on jobs prescribed for them not by capitalistic requirements but by military needs." (Only his statement that taxation absorbs 60 per cent. of the net profits of industrial undertakings and that industrialists are compelled to erect gigantic unremunerative plants is wrong, for dividends have increased from year to year, undistributed corporation income has increased from 1936 to 1937 alone by about one-quarter, and all new factories erected have received large State subsidies in case they were not remunerative at once.)

The question I want to raise is: Do Mr. Crossman's statements prove that Germany is no longer capitalistic? In my opinion they prove only that capitalism has changed. Some people used to say in the beginning of this century that capitalism had really been abolished since the monopolies were destroying decisive elements of capitalism, for instance the large group of small capitalists. But if most economists (among them Mr. Crossman and myself) agree that monopolism is only a new phase of capitalism, then, I think one cannot say that capitalism has ceased to exist in Fascist Germany, for what we find in Germany is nothing but a special form of monopoly capitalism; it is government by and for armament monopolism.

It is true that investments are not allowed to flow freely or to stay idle; they are conscripted by the armament monopolists acting through the State as their instrument. It is true that the distribution of raw materials is regulated; it is regulated in such a way that the armament industrialists get everything they want and all other industrialists get only what is left. But if Mr. Crossman says that everybody, industrialists, bankers, workers, peasants, are forced to do work prescribed not by capitalist requirements but by military needs, he is only partly right. All are forced to do work prescribed by capitalist requirements, but the capitalist requirements in question are not those of their own capital, they are the requirements of armament capital which are in turn identical with the military needs of an aggressive power.

Mr. Crossman may easily find adherents of his statements among the German textile industrialists, for instance, just as those who stated forty years ago that the period of capitalism had come to an end found adherents among the small entrepreneurs. Those who think to-day that Fascist economy is capitalistic, but that it is a special form of capitalism, say: Fascism is the form of political and economic rule which is used by the most reactionary part of finance capital. It is not rule by finance capital as a whole, but only by its most reactionary part, chiefly the armament industry. But Fascism is still capitalism, for the profit motive is still the guiding one, and the owners of the means of producing armaments are the predominant influence in the affairs of the country. Fascism is still capitalistic, for it is still governed by the laws of capitalistic development—for instance, it is still liable to suffer from recurring cyclical crises.

J. K.

SIR,—Mr. R. H. S. Crossman, by dint of giving his own, entirely novel, definition of capitalism, succeeds in proving to his own satisfaction that the Fascist economic system is not capitalist—any more than the Socialist system of the Soviet Union is capitalist.

But why take two and a half columns to chase a red herring?

I suggest Mr. Crossman asks himself the following three simple questions:

(1) In Fascist Germany is it or is it not legal for private individuals

(*a*) to exploit labour?

(*b*) to buy goods in order to resell them at a profit?

(*c*) to invest money in commercial undertakings, and thereby to live without working?

(2) In the Soviet Union are those three actions legal or illegal?

(3) In each country, who *owns* and controls (*not* controls alone) the means of production—individuals, or the people as a whole?

These constitute the differences between capitalism, and scientific (i.e., Marxian) Socialism.

Why complicate the simple and well-known distinction by dragging in extraneous matters such as the international money market and free trade, and the regimentation of workers or capitalists, which have nothing to do with capitalism or Socialism as such?

F. J. D. DICKINS

63 Eton Avenue, Hampstead, N.W.3.

LABOUR POLICY

SIR,—The more clearly events demonstrate a particular policy to have been right, the more likely its advocates to obtain adherents and ultimately power. In present circumstances the only method whereby the Labour Party can avoid the substantial accretions to its strength which are due to it is that recommended by the able and vociferous supporters of a Popular or a United Front. The suggestion is to provide a number of comfortable half-way houses wherein the various opponents of the National Government may shelter without abandoning any of their mental baggage. The Labour Party would thus at one stroke forfeit the full allegiance of many whom it might otherwise gain, and ensure that if it did attain power its allies would make it impossible to use it. "We learn from history that we do not learn from history"; but is it so long since Labour declared it would not again form a minority Government, and is much encouragement to be drawn from the behaviour of the Right Wing of the French Popular Front? I can see no ground for distinguishing in this matter between Churchillites, Opposition Liberals, and the Independents of various hues. The temporary unity which these groups display now on foreign policy would soon give place to a deeper unity, based on a common hostility to Socialism. It is idle to urge that Labour would be the "predominant partner"; it will already have handed over to its allies support in the country which it might have gained for itself, and they will retain their right to secede at any moment.

There are two qualifications: (1) the above remarks do not apply to the Communists. As to them, it is a purely electoral calculation: do they bring in more votes than they frighten away? (2) in a constituency where no Labour candidate is in the field, the success of an Independent may be welcomed as weakening the National Government, though not as directly assisting the Labour Party.

But an electoral pact to which Transport House is a party is clearly meant to go much further than this. In my view, it is fundamentally erroneous to suggest that the drawing power of a campaign which invites the voter to vote Labour *or* Liberal *or* Independent is as great or greater than one urging the voter to vote Labour as the only effective method of displacing the National Government. Leaders who have commanded the support of their peoples have not usually achieved it by making the least possible demands upon them, but by boldly pointing out a strong alternative, where it exists. It would have been psychologically unsound for Garibaldi on a famous occasion to have minimised the difficulties and hardships to which his followers would be exposed; and in my view it is no less so to pretend, contrary to the fact, that a stable alternative Government can be produced without sacrifice of individual view-points. Dislike of the internal and external policies of the National Government may give a superficial unity to parties in Opposition; it will be insufficient to sustain a Popular Government. And in the meantime the Labour Party will have sacrificed the substance to the shadow.

CECIL PRESTON

6 New Square,
Lincoln's Inn, W.C.2.

SIR,—For the opinions of Mr. H. N. Brailsford members of the Labour Party entertain the highest respect, but on the question of what will be fully understood if I term it "The Democratic Front," some of us must have even from him a greater measure of assurance than at present we possess. The whole proposition is, in the light of Labour Party experience and more particularly

what has lately happened in France, open to more doubt than he appears to accept.

The "Democratic Front" would unite the Labour Party, the Liberals, the Communists and the dissident Conservatives on an agreed programme of limited but very important scope, namely, to evict the present Government at the next elections, to give the country a sound foreign policy, and to introduce commonly acceptable measures of a domestic social and economic character. I for one believe that if the "Democratic Front" stood firm, and if the electors were allowed calm judgment, they would endorse the programme and turn out the present Government. The Labour Government would of course proceed in that event to implement the agreed programme. But would the electors be allowed that calm judgment? As a fellow journalist Mr. Brailsford must know as well as I do that our opponents in control of 95 per cent. of the press, to say nothing of the broadcasting, would never allow it. The next elections will be "stuntified" as surely as were those of 1924, 1931 and 1935. Mr. Brailsford foresees in his letter the most violent opposition of the Chamberlain Tories, and ultimately sabotage from the City and other quarters, but he appears to imagine—so I read into his letter—both the will and the capacity of the "Democratic Front" to triumph over that opposition and deal with the sabotage. I wish I could be as optimistic.

The Labour Party has its plans for dealing with the financial crisis and the wrecking—when Labour is in office. It must be fairly sure also that a "stunt" crisis will be precipitated before, or during the elections. That would be quite normal Tory electioneering. In isolation, or within the "Democratic Front," Labour candidates and the mass of the fairly well disciplined Labour voters would stand firm over the elections and—if these were successful—afterwards; so that it can be said that the Labour Party does not flinch from the crisis whenever it comes, and will meet the inevitable attempt of the Government, the City, and the press barons to scare the people out of their wits again as in 1931. As, however, Mr. Brailsford must see no use in the "Democratic Front" unless it holds together for the objectives stated, will he direct his mind to the rest of the proposition, which is: where will the Liberals and the Conservatives be when the crisis comes? If they "rat" in a panic, what then could ever have been the use of the "Democratic Front," and why should the Labour Party have ever gone into it?

Before Mr. Brailsford answers he will agree, I am sure, that no assurance, let alone a guarantee, can be devised to avert the disaster of a "Democratic Front" rendered futile because of some lie about the financial security of Britain, and so on. The Liberals in the mass rushed—they did not even blunder—into the booby trap which in 1931 Mr. Lloyd George warned them to avoid. My conviction is that they have not learned their lesson. They led the stampede over the "Red Letter" in 1924. And just one last point. By what means if not by financial "stuntification" has Daladier, in furtherance of his pro-Fascist policy, smashed the Popular Front in France and brought all the Right in behind him. The issue stands: Can we build and maintain a "Democratic Front" that will not crumble immediately the financial pressure comes on it? LEONARD W. MATTERS

69 Fleet Street, E.C.4.

UNITED IRELAND

SIR,—Can you tell me one good argument against a United Ireland? Paddy Ryan, like all intellectualised Irishmen, wants unity on the basis of ideal administrative conditions, forgetting that the partition of Ireland is responsible for many of the evils of the character he mentions. Catholics and Protestants can work well together when there is an absence of bigotry and men sit down and reason. I was a member of the Dublin School Committee for three years. I sat with priest and parson, canon and monsignor, and I cannot recall a single incident in which either side reminded the other of their religious beliefs.

I was a member of the various Government trade boards and found a similar set of circumstances. But let loose a couple of Englishmen and a professional Irish politician in the columns of a liberal weekly and the Irish Sea becomes a seething cauldron and the Catholics and Protestants of Ireland are lined up in mortal combat.

If Mr. de Valera will guarantee to the workers of the North that there will be no reduction in their present social services he will take the props from underneath Lord Craigavon. There is a fear, and a genuine one, that in any unity with the South many of the social services they are enjoying at present the Northern workers will lose. Mr. Hungerford is amusing. Unionist lawyers, members of the Ulster Unionist Council, attended by other Unionists as officials of the commission, toured Ulster. Not a single Nationalist was appointed.

No one wants Ireland ruled by Catholics or Protestants. They want an Ireland ruled by Irishmen and Irishwomen. I differ with Mr. de Valera, but I know of no man more tolerant towards Protestants. He is so tolerant that he embarrasses his own political supporters. He even brings in a Bill giving pensions to ex-Ministers, men who had signed the death warrants of his personal friends. Ulster Protestants have nothing to fear from a man like Mr de Valera.

Unless Lord Craigavon is prepared to climb down to meet Mr. de Valera who is always prepared to climb up, then other forces will arise to clear away the Border. The folly and tragedy of it all is that there will be a United Ireland before the end of 1940, but it may be at a cost that can easily be avoided if one ray of sanity can pierce the present dark clouds of Ulster.

37 Gloucester Street, JACK CARNEY
London, S.W.1.

GERMANY AND THE JEWS

SIR,—No one could doubt that most humane Germans were shocked at the Jewish pogrom. But what puzzles many of us is why was there no "spontaneous outburst of indignation" among the crowds who watched the attacks, which were, says G. B., sometimes made by a gang of only about 15 men with sticks? No movement, apparently, was made even to protect the young Jew and his mother from violence. A really angry crowd is usually more expressive than this, and will at least howl execration at deeds which it disapproves, even if it lacks pluck to interfere. *Were* the majority indignant? Or are German crowds so docile (from nature or from years of terrorism) that they will stand anything without letting fly? Imagine (say) a Clydeside, or even a London, crowd in such circumstances. They might approve the bullying; but if they did not, the bullies would know it. Can some German, or Englishman who knows Germany, explain to assist international understanding? N. B.

London.

FLOGGING

SIR,—Although expressed with some violence, I think there is a good deal less loose and misinformed sentiment in Mr. Hubert Waring's letter on flogging than you allege. Would-be reformers still seem incapable of coming to any reasonable decision in this matter. The issue is, after all, fairly simple.

Either flogging is in itself mediaeval, immoral and no deterrent in any circumstances—or it is not. If it is, then it must never be employed in any circumstances. If it is not, then Mr. Waring is obviously right in contending that it is wholly illogical to regard it either as a deterrent or a justifiable punishment for offences against highly protected prison officers, and not against completely unprotected men and women in ordinary life.

There may be some excuse for men in prison, suffering for years under real or imaginary grievances, running amok among those who they consider to be their persecutors. There can be none for men who violently attack innocent citizens for sordid motives of robbery. So if flogging is the proper corrective in the former case it must be far more justified in the latter case.

Personally I object to it *in toto*. But if I am wrong, then the suggestions now put forward are immoral and illogical.

32 Brompton Square, S.W.3. GEOFFREY E. HOWARD

[We agree with our correspondent in desiring the total abolition of flogging. We welcomed the present proposal as a very substantial move towards this desirable end. The matter is discussed in this week's London Diary.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

ADVERTISERS AND NUTRITION

SIR,—I feel there must be many readers of Dr. Harry Roberts' article in your issue of the 12th instant who, like myself, feel that his capitulation to the idea of a privately sponsored research and advertising campaign to increase the market for foodstuffs is a counsel of despair.

The results of all investigations into nutrition and income show that the lack of essentials runs roughly parallel with income. We learn where the need exists, and mere advertising will not satisfy that need, for as a correspondent to the *Times* has pointed out, it will result in competition between advertisers for a share of a fixed income.

Consider, too, the limitations imposed by a research and advertising campaign run admittedly for the benefit of a private pool. Already we see the slogan "Bread for Energy." That is true, but it is no more the whole truth than our bread is whole wheat, for there is a school of thought which believes it likely that the popularity of white bread robs the nation of important supplies of vitamin B, with far-reaching effects. A strong prima facie case can be made out for this, but who will conduct the research into this problem and place the results before the public? Certainly it would be too much to expect of a combination of millers whose return on existing capital would be assured by a gigantic pooled advertising scheme. And this is a thing which affects those existing on the margin of poverty, consuming large quantities of bread as the cheapest source of energy.

If publicity is required in the matter of feeding, surely it would be better done under the auspices of a public board whose research could be made available to teachers and doctors. Your contributor must know from experience how bored doctors are by the methods of commercial advertising directed at their profession. And a national policy should not be too much to hope for now that producers of such foodstuffs as milk and potatoes seek the protection of state recognised boards.

If the ordinary and more durable methods of education are felt to be inadequate beside the possibilities of a general publicity campaign, would it not be better to publicise the ascertained truth through the National Insurance Societies? There was recently circulated to all a booklet on the Highway Code as a means of preserving life—not to mention A.R.P.! Then why not such a booklet on nutrition, written in a practical and persuasive way, to be distributed through those insurance societies who have so much to gain by improved health, and can be sure of reaching the working man?

R. J. CHIVERS

28 Fineleigh Court,
Slough, Bucks.

OCTAVIA HILL CENTENARY

SIR,—As one who has for very many years been closely connected with the voluntary movement for the better housing of the poor in this country, and who had the honour to be associated in 1900 with Miss Octavia Hill in creating the Improved Tenements Association, may I be allowed to call the attention of your readers to the fact that the 3rd December next will be the centenary of the birth of the greatest of all housing reformers?

Octavia Hill was born on December 3rd, 1838. Her whole life was devoted not only to "housing" but to improving in all sorts of ways the conditions of life of the people of this country, and indirectly of everywhere else. We think nowadays that we are being enlightened and up to date in pressing for open spaces, community centres, nursery schools, better recreation bodily and mental for the poor, saving the countryside, smoke abatement, and so forth, but in every one of these ways and many others Octavia Hill was fighting, from the sixties of last century onward, as brave a battle against indifference and opposition as has ever been fought by man or woman in the interests of intelligence against stupidity, and thereby of good against evil.

Her greatest achievement was in "housing." I will say no more of that here, except to express my conviction that it was not the War by itself which has aroused the public, and therefore parliaments, to a great effort to amend shameful housing conditions in this country, but Octavia Hill *plus* the War.

The immediate purpose of this letter is to give as many people as possible the opportunity of discovering in an interesting form something more about the life-work of this great Englishwoman. The Octavia Hill Centenary Exhibition, at the Housing Centre, 13 Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, S.W.1, is open, free to the public, until December 22nd. It provides, in its five sections, evidence of (1) Octavia Hill's Diverse Interests, (2) Her Housing Ideals, (3) Growth of Her Housing Movement, (4) Her Own Life, with her family and friends, and (5) A Loan Exhibition of MSS., letters, speeches, pictures, sketches and personal belongings.

REGINALD ROWE,
(Chairman of the Executive Committee)

The Housing Centre,
13 Suffolk Street.

PROFESSOR ALEXANDER

SIR,—On January 6th, 1939, Professor Samuel Alexander, had he lived, would have celebrated his eightieth birthday. He used to deprecate any idea of commemorating the event and his name in some permanent manner. He was the most modest of men; fame and honours had come to him unsought; his name will live in his works and requires no other permanent memorial.

We feel that in trying to honour his memory we ought to act in his own spirit. Samuel Alexander was a Jew who felt strongly with his people, and he used to subscribe with self-denying generosity for Zionist purposes and to Jewish relief funds. He was spared the horror and pain of the latest events in Germany. He devoted the best part of his life to students; and we now propose, in his name and memory, to raise a fund with which to finance the education of German-Jewish student refugees in Palestine.

The administration of this fund, to be known as "The Samuel Alexander Fund for Students," will be entrusted to the International Student Service, and cheques should be directed to its Treasurer at 49, Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.

JOHN S. B. STOPFORD	WALTER H. MOBERLY
C. T. NEEDHAM	L. B. NAMIER
T. D. BARLOW	H. J. PATON
W. L. BRAGG	A. D. RITCHIE
W. P. CROZIER	SAMUEL
J. LAIRD	E. D. SIMON
NATHAN LASKI	CH. WEIZMANN
A. D. LINDSAY	

SPAIN AND BRITAIN

SIR,—"People who talk of preventing another great war," says Captain Liddell Hart in his recently published book, "are at least two years out of date. The second great war of the twentieth century began in July, 1936, following the encouragement and experience which had been gained by Japan in Manchuria and Italy in Abyssinia in defying the League and developing the new technique of camouflaged war. The direct assistance which Italy gave with aircraft, and the indirect assistance which Germany gave with warships, in transporting Franco's troops from Africa to Spain, were the first operations of the present war" (*Through the Fog of War*, p. 355).

In spite of the help of scores of thousands of Moors, Nazi engineers and airmen, and entire divisions of Mussolini's conscript army (to say nothing of a baker's dozen of Italian generals), this first phase of a possible world war, which, as far as Spain is concerned, may also be regarded as the most slaughterous election on record, has not yet won back for Franco and his reactionaries the power they lost at the polls in 1936. Seventy per cent. of the Spanish people are still fighting our battle for us. But, though brute force has not yet won, the stranglehold which Franco's Fascist masters have secured (German guns dominating Gibraltar, German aerodromes and submarine bases on the Cantabrian coast, Italo-German control of the army, mines and transport, Malaga and Majorca under Italian rule, etc.) fully justifies Captain Liddell Hart, even if Mussolini had not plainly told Lord Halifax that he would never allow the rebel generals to be defeated, in his further statement that we have already lost the first round of the next war.

What our great statesmen of the past would have thought of this tragic muddle can be summed up in a sentence from Palmerston's historic speech (April 19th, 1837), in which he declared that the triumph of reaction in Spain was a deadly menace to all that England stood for:—

> I will tell them ("the honourable gentlemen opposite") that if Don Carlos could succeed in establishing his power in Spain, peace might indeed exist there, for the iron tyranny that would ensue might secure a species of tranquillity; but even if this tranquillity of death were to prevail in Spain, peace would be ruined in the rest of Europe.

HAROLD BINNS

21 East Avenue,
Bournemouth.

BERKELEY CINEMA

SIR,—It has come to our ears that the Berkeley Cinema is regarded by some people as showing German or Fascist films. Some of our Liberal, Progressive or Jewish friends, we hear, have stayed away for this reason.

We would be grateful, therefore, if you would allow us the hospitality of a short space to deny this and to state that since the Berkeley has come under the same management as the Academy, no German films have been shown or will be shown.

Of the two Austrian films we have shown, *Der Spiegel* was paid for before Hitler's entry into Austria and finished at the tragic moment. *Zauber der Boheme*, playing now with *Alerte en Mediterranée*, is the property of an Austrian refugee who has settled in England.

ELSIE COHEN,
Managing Director.

Berkeley Cinema Ltd.,
31/32 Poland Street, London, W.1.

CHRISTMAS IN BARCELONA

SIR,—The Spanish people have now entered on their third winter of war, with all the hardships which these months must bring. Christmas, 1938, will not be a happy one for the children of Spain. In an attempt to make up to them in some small way for the sorrow and suffering, which they are having to face so early, a Children's Fund is being organised by the Women's Aid Committee (Comisión de Auxilio Femenino) of Barcelona. It is hoped that this Fund may be the means of bringing a gleam of happiness into the lives of these little ones at Christmas-time, and the Committee urgently appeals to the people of Great Britain for their support, confident that they will respond in a manner worthy of this country's great tradition of sympathy for the helpless and the weak.

May I, in the name of the Spanish Women's Committee in London, join in this appeal to all men and women of good will to support this Fund for the children of suffering Spain? All contributions will be gratefully welcomed, and should be sent to the Treasurer, Spanish Women's Committee, 22 Taunton Avenue, London, S.W.20.

Spanish Embassy. AMELIA DE AZCÁRATE

Miscellany

VIVISECTION

SOME weeks ago in this column I touched on the quarrelsome subject of vivisection* and the result has been (as I foresaw) a vigorous attack of correspondence from both the anti-vivisectionists and the research campaigners. In fairness to both sides, I must say that each has tried to be fair to me, even as I had tried to be fair and impartial myself, though it is difficult to be impartial on this subject, where feeling and reason are at even greater disaccord than usual. It therefore seems desirable to revive the question, and to go into it at greater length, with, I hope, the same degree of impartiality. I should like to state simply and straightforwardly at the start that I love animals as deeply as the most ardent anti-vivisectionist can, and that the idea of their being forced to suffer on our behalf is instinctively repugnant to me. I hope that my word for this may be accepted as sincerely as it is meant, and that having dispelled all possible misunderstanding I need say no more about it.

Much, much as I should like to range myself wholly on the side of the anti-vivisectionists I still cannot do so. Even after reading all their arguments, and heaving all my own feelings into the scale on their side, I still cannot help believing that the interests of man must come first. It is a horrible choice to make, but one must make it. In making it, one postulates of course two things: (*a*) that the permanent alleviation of human suffering matters more, in the long run, than the temporary pain of an animal; (*b*) that the temporary pain of the animal will really contribute to the permanent cure of human suffering.

The anti-vivisectionist disputes both these points.

The Anti-vivisection Arguments

The question for the opponent of vivisection splits into two parts. He has two separate arguments to advance. One argument is ethical, the other is practical. The ethical question is: Is vivisection morally justifiable? The practical question is: Does vivisection lead to any useful results in the treatment of human pain and disease?

Let me take these two points in their order.

First, the anti-vivisectionist considers that "vivisection is cruel, and cruelty is either right or wrong"; moreover, that it "ruins the souls of those who practise it." None would deny the iniquity of wanton cruelty, and, indeed, such cases are forcibly punished in this country, but a scientific investigation conducted for the highest humanitarian ends can scarcely come under the same heading. The ethical aspect seems to me really unworthy of more than a moment's consideration.

Secondly, he denies that any benefits whatsoever have accrued to man as a result of the practice. The sweeping statements produced in support of this theory are scarcely borne out either by reasonableness or by the facts. It is idle to pretend, for instance, that insulin has had no effect on the treatment of diabetes; that smallpox remains unaffected by vaccination; that diphtheria resists all attempts at immunisation; that the treatment of rickets and pernicious anaemia owes nothing to experiments on animals; nor the understanding of antisepsis and anaesthetics, (chloroform) the measurement of blood-pressure, and the administration of artificial respiration (Schafer's method). Such contentions destroy their own case by their very intransigence. All vaccines are declared to be useless; the hypodermic syringe is "a most dangerous practice and *one that is quite outside the provision of nature*" (italics mine); vivisection is to be condemned if only because it has produced no cure for cancer; and if certain diseases must be admitted to show a statistical diminution, the fact is to be ascribed solely to the improvement in sanitary conditions, not to any advance in medical science.

Such is the case which the anti-vivisectionist puts up, but on an examination of the facts, supported by statistics, the arguments appear to be untenable, and, in many instances, unfairly presented.

Another argument frequently advanced (again unsupported by facts) is that as animals differ so much from human beings, all experiments carried out on them are valueless as an indication, and that the only experiment of any value can be practised on a human being. The proper study of mankind, in fact, is man. Well, physicians and scientific researchers have often been willing to experiment on themselves. One has only to instance Simpson and Duncan, Edgeworth and Davy. There is nothing that I can see to prevent convinced anti-vivisectionists from offering themselves as suitable subjects for experiment.

The Case for the Vivisectionist

Statistics so thoroughly dispel the theory that certain diseases (only a few of which have been enumerated above) have in no way yielded to the treatment discovered as a result of experiments on animals, that anyone interested may be referred to the printed evidence for himself. It is impossible to go into the details here in this short space, but the evidence is easily available and proves, I think beyond question, the precious life-saving gains to medical science. Another point consistently overlooked by the opposing party is the benefit to animals themselves, in the millions of cases prophylactically treated for such ravaging plagues as anthrax, rinderpest, rabies, and canine distemper. These facts once accepted, nothing remains in favour of the anti-vivisectionist's argument except (*a*) our humane, potent, and natural repugnance, and (*b*) our more rational and practical anxiety as to the actual terms of the law, and as to the way in which that law is administered.

The Cruelty to Animals Act, 1876

The complete text of this Act may be obtained, on application to the Stationery Office, for the price of 1*s*., and all that need be said here is that it attempts adequately to safeguard all animals used for experimental purposes against suffering either during, or subsequent on, the experiment. A further and most elaborate system of Certificates exists, concerning the grant of extra licenses for specific cases, including the proviso that "an animal found to be suffering pain which is either

* I am well aware that my use of the word "vivisection" is loose and incorrect. "Vivisection" actually means a cutting operation carried out without an anaesthetic, and as such was rendered illegal by Act of Parliament in 1876. Since, however, "vivisection" has come to mean "experiments on animals" in the popular mind, I use the expression for brief convenience.

severe or likely to endure, shall forthwith be painlessly killed." Lovers of dogs, cats, and horses may be relieved to learn that these animals receive special consideration. The principal query which remains in my mind after a careful study of these documents, is not whether they are adequately framed but whether they are adequately observed and enforced.

This, of course, is almost impossible for the layman to estimate. One can judge only by the report issued annually by the Home Office. In the report for the year 1937 I read that the total number of experiments was 918,960, and that 901 visits were paid by official inspectors, or roughly 0.1 per cent., a figure which seems to me insufficient for a rigorous control. In fairness, however, one must add that these visits are nearly always paid without previous notice; that an overwhelming proportion of this alarming total of close on a million experiments is taken up by nothing more serious than inoculations and hypodermic injections; and that *in no case* has a licence been granted dispensing with the use of anaesthetics in any operation more severe than subcutaneous venesection (blood-letting).

These few remarks do not cover a quarter of the subject; I have not, for instance, touched at all on the subsequent effects on the animal thus used for experimental purposes. In the meantime, however, it does appear that instead of trying, often emotionally and ignorantly, to thwart the efforts of medical science, we should do better to concentrate on the truly shocking and unnecessary cruelty involved in such practices as castration on farms, tail-docking, the use of steel traps, and certain forms of sport. V. SACKVILLE-WEST

"A PLAY OF THE MOMENT"

IF you do not find *Geneva* amusing that will probably be due either to the lack of sympathy in yourself for Hitler, Franco and Mussolini, or to some of the jokes in it being too often repeated. They are not all bad jokes, some are very good indeed, but it is also true that there are an unusual number of what Mr. Shaw once called "thistles for donkeys" in the dialogue, and that the fun of the intellectual knock-about does not always excite the hilarity it loudly demands.

Some of the figures (in an extravaganza "characters" would be out of place) are boring—notably two females. One is called Begonia Brown and the other "A Widow," who is dressed in the black lace mantilla of a Spanish woman and carries a revolver in her vanity bag. Miss Alison Leggatt's intonations, gestures, accent, as Begonia, left nothing to be desired; and Miss Phillippa Gill put a wonderfully undiminished energy into even the third repetition of the same burlesquely melodramatic turn which fell to her lot. But it was in vain. The exaggerated self-assurance of Begonia of Camberwell becomes monotonous, and we listen to the "Widow's" tirades with the blankness of those who cannot guess what they are meant to feel. Is it amusement, pity or moral condemnation? It is possible, I know, to feel all three towards the same object; but to enable us to do so that object must be presented with much more subtlety than in the part which Miss Gill performs with such good will. All the interpreters of this puppet-show deserve high praise; and if one cannot help distinguishing the glorious performances of Mr. Ernest Thesiger as "Sir Orpheus Midlander," the British Foreign Secretary (he looks extraordinarily like Sir Austen Chamberlain), and of Mr. Cecil Trouncer as "Bombardoni," it is because those are far the best parts. They were given something worth making the most of, and they did. But Mr. William Heilbronn as "A Newcomer" (the representative modern democrat), Mr. Knox as "The Judge," Mr. Walter Hudd as "Battler," dressed in the shining armour of Siegfried, Mr. Stuart Lindsay as General Flanco de Fortinbras, the nervous "Bishop" (Mr. Hignett), the distributor of Come-to-Jesus tracts (Miss Milbourne), and the rest, all struck me as being what they were meant to be. The feeble impression made by Mr. Donald Eccles was the fault of the part, not the actor. In this disputatious extravaganza, which Mr. Shaw calls "A Play of the Moment," the case for "the Jew" ought of course to have been vigorously put. It was not. Nor was the case of the democrat who was represented as a red-faced, heavy-paunched, muddle-headed gaby. When "The Newcomer" complains before the Court of International Justice that the leader of a party standing for a "Business Democracy" has turned the opposition out of Parliament with an army of "Clean Shirts," and destroyed freedom of speech and democracy in the country, Bombardoni retorts, "How can you destroy what never existed? What I give fools like you is good government, and if you kick against it I put you in concentration camps." Mr. Shaw leaves it at that. Surely a little one sided? The case of "the Jew" against "Battler" is most deplorably handled. "I have been robbed and beaten," he cries. "I am sorry," Battler retorts, "I cannot be everywhere and all my agents are not angels." If Mr. Shaw could not remember an answer to that he should not have attempted "A Play of the Moment." If he did, and withheld it, he has been false to his mission in life. Until recent years one of the things I have admired most in him has been a spontaneous chivalry; an impulse to stick up for the helpless, and never to abet those who kick them when they were down. When a false astronomical rumour that the end of the world is at hand breaks up the Court at the Hague "Bombardoni" says he will die at his post; "Battler" sheds tears at the thought that his dog must perish: "My doggie, my poor little doggie" (I do not see the point of this); Sir Orpheus implores everyone to contradict the rumour at once, so that chaos may not set in a day earlier than is inevitable (I do see the point of that as a revelation of the English method of handling crises); Flanco with complete equanimity leaves the matter to the Catholic Church; Begonia refuses a "choc"; the female evangelist weeps because she has been so happy bringing sins and sorrows to Jesus, while in Heaven there will not be any to bring—and "the Jew"? He bolts for the telephone to sell his gilt-edge securities in order that he may buy them back at the price of waste paper, thus dying, at any rate, nominally, a millionaire. What do you think of introducing such an incident, *and at this moment in European history*, as symbolic of the soul of the Jewish race when revealed under the stress of disaster? Speaking for myself, it made me ask if it were possible that I had been a fool about Bernard Shaw all my writing life. I don't think I have. But in order to explain the difference between the G. B. S. of the past and of recent years, I have now, as a critic, to be what may seem cruel and offensive. Yet it is the only way of suggesting an explanation of a change in the man who wrote, say, the Preface for Politicians (*John Bull's Other Island*) with its indictment of those who hanged and flogged some wretched Arabs for having mobbed some British pigeon-shooters at Denshawai; who wrote of that "horror," as he called it, in a spirit worthy of the last words of one of those Arabs on the scaffold, "May God compensate us well for this world of meanness, for this world of injustice, for this world of cruelty"; a man who wrote again and again, as a publicist and as a dramatist, words which awoke in others the feeling that in a world without justice or mercy it was man's duty to put them there.

What has happened to him? He has grown old, and in his old age he has watched the most merciless of all revolutions achieving in Russia what, theoretically, was a fulfilment of a political system he approved.

The first process, common to us all, has blunted his human sympathies; the second has forced him logically into an inhuman leniency towards similar methods in other Totalitarian States. If you read his Preface to *On the Rocks* (1933), you will find a defence of "liquidation" of all persons who resist the policy of a Government. You will hear echoes of that view in the summing up of the Judge in *Geneva*.

Now, what *is* this process of growing old, which all past middle age can watch in themselves, and once prompted Shaw to write in the *Revolutionist's Hand Book*, with pardonable and amusing exaggeration, "Every man over forty is a scoundrel." In human beings as a rule the heart, the power to feel, withers

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before the head. Our faculties, our aptitudes, if we have any, may remain unimpaired. You can see this process clearest in the final stages of senility. A very old person when told that their nearest and dearest have been killed, bursts into tears and the next moment says, "Why can't you remember that I don't like marmalade for tea." The emotion at the moment may be intense, but the power of sustaining it gets weaker and weaker. The snare of old age is mistaking indifference for wisdom. That is why the young discount so heavily and properly the advice of the old; the old have forgotten what they are talking *about*. When Mr. Shaw began to be conscious of this inevitable tendency in himself, instead of being on guard against it, he wrote *Methuselah*, in which complete detachment from the passions was glorified as the one qualification for controlling the world. Incidentally, this relaxation of the power of holding an emotion is the mark of works produced in old age. The workmanship in detail may remain brilliant, but the work as a whole will lack coherence, for in creative work it is emotion that guides the intellect. The books of the old are apt to be ramshackle, garrulous and repetitive; being unable to sustain emotion they are apt to lose their way in their own works. They may reach conclusions in the course of them, but they cannot create a coherent whole. This has been painfully obvious in the recent plays of Mr. Shaw, while his recent comments on the state of the world have been marked by a chirpy indifference to realities. He has been unable to write a page which did not betray his secret, that he can no longer feel anything much.

The limitations of his drama have been due to a weakness in portraying human emotions from within, with the exception of one passion, the grandest of all, namely, the passion of a man to whom success in life means the identification of himself with a cause greater than himself. But he has, like an artist, often used this disability to produce most original comedy, and it has been compensated by an exceptional fairness which has enabled him to lend his own remarkable intellect to his dramatic protagonists. What impresses us in so many of his old plays is the hammer-and-tongs vigour and brilliance with which each combatant stands up for his side. As I have indicated, in *Geneva* this distribution is far from impartial. No doubt Mr. Shaw intended the summing up of "the Judge" to correct any bias. But dramatically it does nothing of the kind. For "the Judge's" sentence condemns everybody equally, which is equivalent to a general acquittal, and by no means redresses the feebleness with which the case *against* "Bombardoni," "Battler" and "Flanco" has been put. Even the moral "that man is a failure as a political animal" and therefore doomed to self-destruction, is not felt with the energy of Swift or Voltaire. The irrational fountain of gaiety continues to play. The close is a bland dismissal of the vital issues which have been at stake in the debate. "Do not blaspheme," says Flanco, and he has all our sympathy, "at such a moment by telling us that nothing matters." And even that verdict on man in his political capacity is not resolute. The curtain falls on "the Judge" saying, "It has not been a farce. They *came* those fellows," meaning the Dictators, "they blustered and defied us. But they came." He might have added, "And had the best of the argument, which is what will impress the public." DESMOND MACCARTHY

WEBER'S SONATAS

I WONDER how many people in the audience at Artur Schnabel's recital in the Queen's Hall last Saturday afternoon had ever previously heard a pianoforte sonata by Weber! It is true that last year Mr. Schnabel played another sonata (the E minor) by Weber, but as far as my memory goes he is the only famous pianist who has ever played a Weber sonata in London during the past twenty years. Both the E minor (1822) and the A flat major sonatas (1816) are remarkably fine works, which do not deserve the neglect by pianists which they have suffered; but the same is true of Schubert's sonatas which are more numerous and of even greater scope and ambition. It speaks decisively for the quality of the Weber sonata that it came between Schubert's great C minor, Op. posth., composed in 1828 and Beethoven's Hammerklavier sonata without any incongruity. Essentially different as it is and must be—being also the work of a musician of genius—yet one was not conscious of any disparity. This noble, gracious, and delightful composition took its place next to two supreme masterpieces as no sonata by Brahms or any later composer could have done, and we must be grateful to Mr. Schnabel for including these Weber sonatas in his programmes. He is also going to play the better-known Weber "Concertstück" with Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Philharmonic Orchestra at the Queen's Hall on Saturday afternoon, December 10th. I recommend to music lovers this opportunity of hearing some more of Weber's pianoforte music.

It so happens that through a friend I have just been given a copy of an extremely interesting letter written by Weber, dated Mannheim, May 21st, 1810, addressed to the publisher, Nägeli. Evidently Weber had sent a Quartet and a Caprice to the publisher who had written to him commenting on these works; the following is an extract from Weber's reply:

> Since my circumstances have altered and have once more dedicated me *wholly* to art, I seize the first opportunity . . . to thank you for your favourable opinion of my compositions. But I cannot refrain from touching on one point which is too important for me to pass it over in silence. You seem to see me in my Quartet and Caprice as an imitator of Beethoven and, however flattering this might be to many, it is not at all pleasing to me. In the first place, I hate everything which bears the stamp of imitation and, secondly, I am too far removed in my standpoint from Beethoven to believe I could ever fall in with him. The fiery, yes, almost unbelievable invention which inspires him is accompanied by such a confusion in the arrangement of his ideas that only his earlier compositions please me; the later ones, on the contrary, are to me only a disordered chaos, an incomprehensible struggle towards novelty in the midst of which some heavenly flashes of genius show me how great he could be if he would bridle his exuberant fantasy.
>
> As I naturally cannot rejoice in the possession of the great genius of Beethoven I can at least believe myself able to defend my music from a logical and oratorical (*rednerischer*) point of view and the effort in each piece to achieve a particular effect. For only that seems to me to be the goal of an artistic work, namely, to spin the whole out of a single idea so that in the most manifold way the unity shown in the first principle or theme is made evident.

When one reminds oneself that this letter was written in 1810, that is to say, before any of the works of Beethoven's last period were composed and that, very probably, his remarks refer to the third and fourth symphonies which we know he wrote about disparagingly in the *Morgenblatt* for December, 1809, that is to say, a few months before the date of the above letter, we cannot fail to be astonished. That a musician of Weber's quality should have found Beethoven's third and fourth symphonies a bewildering chaos is a staggering fact, especially when we remember that in 1810 Weber was only twenty-four years old, while Beethoven was a man of forty! Could we have a better example of the fact that the young are not necessarily the most advanced?

Another interesting detail is Weber's notion that his own compositions were more logical than Beethoven's! I very much fear that, in this respect, he is making the time-honoured mistake of confusing the logical with the obvious. What he means by *rednerisch* is difficult to say. The ordinary translation of this word is oratorical. I am tempted to think that by this he means the embellishment of what has already been stated and that it was the greater conciseness of Beethoven's musical thought which made Weber consider his own music to possess, in comparison, an oratorical grace he could not find in Beethoven's.

Examples of such misconception on the part of a man of genius are, however, not altogether incomprehensible. A creative artist necessarily has his own bias which is inevitably more than ordinarily strong. In one sense he is likely to be the worst possible judge of his colleague's work, since he wants it to be written as he would write it, whereas a purely receptive amateur is not distracted by this idea. Also, we have not to forget the fact that Weber came to appreciate Beethoven

more truly although he died a year before his great senior. At this distance of a hundred years when hearing these three sonatas by Schubert, Weber and Beethoven respectively, played with a comprehensive musicianship by Schnabel incomparable in our time what strikes us most forcibly? I would say that it was the absolutely dateless character of all three works. They sound as fresh and timeless as when they were written and what is most significant is that Weber's sonata—though simpler than the other two works—sounds just as original and outside any fashion. So that Weber was quite right in claiming for his music a real independence. One might go further and say that his sonatas are as little like those of Mozart (who had his unreserved admiration!) as they are unlike Beethoven's.

But it is very curious how long it takes before the real individuality of true artists is finally clear and unmistakable amid the many imitators and producers of works which, for a time, seem to be of much the same character and quality.

W. J. TURNER

THE MOVIES

"Légions d'Honneur," at Studio One
"Stablemates," lately at the Empire
"Suez," at the New Gallery
"Inside the Maginot Line," at the Marble Arch Pavilion and elsewhere

Légions d'Honneur is an unsatisfactory conflation of two separate themes: the campaigning of Spahis in the Sahara and a love affair between a lieutenant and his captain's wife. Though the latter is a morganatic affair which gets no farther than the library and the grand piano, it commits the lieutenant to a prodigious display of silent self-sacrifice in order to spare the feelings of his friend and fellow-officer. The atmosphere of military *camaraderie* and frequent references to the lure of the desert do not however succeed in establishing a vital connection between the camp and the château. Just the same difficulty arose in the Italian film *Squadrone Bianco*, which prefaced a story of colonial army heroism with a perfunctory sketch of an unhappy love affair. In *Légions d'Honneur* the proportions are reversed, so that we get approximately three parts love to one part desert. The desert scenes are exciting, well photographed and obviously authentic, and MM. Vanel and Jacquin are entirely credible as the two officers; but the sense of a divided purpose remains. The film is otherwise remarkable for Mme. Milly Mathis' delightful performance as the captain's buxom, chattering old housekeeper, and for a long succession of fancy "screen wipes" in the early desert scenes. The French are getting too fond of these deplorable tricks: *Prison sans Barreaux* was full of them.

Stablemates, an honest-to-goodness sentimental racing story, would hardly deserve mention but for the acting of Mickey Rooney as a stable-boy who unexpectedly becomes the owner of a race-horse and, not content with that, attaches himself to a decrepit old soak (Wallace Beery). Mickey and the old soak adopt one another as father and son, with capital results on the old soak's morals. Beery is good in his solid, wheezy way; but Rooney already looks like becoming as good an actor as anyone in Hollywood. His combination of sincerity, technique and tearing vitality carries him safely through the most embarrassing predicaments—even tears, soliloquies and the exchange of whispered confidences with his horse Lady Q; and the scene in which he implores Beery to perform a vital operation on Lady Q's hoof is played with an agonised intensity which is worth all the million dollar artificialities of *Marco Polo*, *Marie Antoinette* and *Suez* put together. As for *Suez*: the only conceivable excuse for so gross a distortion of history is that it should be entertaining. But *Suez* is no fun at all except for the pranks of Annabella as a *fille du régiment* who is, it appears, the only rival of the Empress Eugénie (Loretta Young) for the heart of De Lesseps (Tyrone Power).

The latest *March of Time* bulletin describes in a masterly manner the organisation and activities of the French army, and includes some astonishing shots of the interior of the Maginot Line. Even those who saw *Double Crime sur la Ligne Maginot* will hardly be prepared for the unreal, scuttling efficiency with which this extraordinary warren is conducted. That Gallic humanity can survive even such inhuman surroundings as these is shown by the ironic street signs, the meals with their red wine and obviously well cooked food, and the free, intelligent talk and recreations of the soldiers. This film, exhibitors may be interested to note, was vigorously applauded by a popular non-highbrow audience who had assembled to see the latest Rogers-Astaire.

PETER GALWAY

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Katie Roche," at the Torch Theatre

Miss Teresa Deevy's *Katie Roche* is a passionate comedy. The necessary compression of the action on the small stage of the Torch Theatre does not mar the effect—in fact, it heightens it. For the scene, throughout, is the parlour of a spinster's cottage, outside a lakeside town in Ireland, and such rooms are very small. Constriction is specially felt in Ireland, where temperaments battle against each other: physical collisions are only just avoided; temperamental collisions happen the whole time. *Katie Roche* has been very happy in its producer; Mr. Lennox Robinson, with his intense feeling for the stuff of the play, has tuned in his actors exactly. The Torch is adding to its good work by making Miss Deevy's play known in London. Eventually, *Katie Roche* should go to a large theatre; it is a European as well as an Irish play; it is capable of expansion, given a large space. It has a touch of Ibsen, but of a smiling Ibsen. The young girl Katie, a love child, is maid, companion and *protegée* of the pious Miss Amelia Gregg, whose brother Stanislaus, middle-aged Dublin architect, has made the girl the subject of a protracted dream. This dream dates from Stanislaus' early, boyish love of

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Katie's mother—the proud beauty who fell. Katie is an *exaltée*, a would-be saint, a *maîtresse femme* and a flirt. She is kept spinning, like a coloured ball on a jet, on her own and other people's illusions and dreams. Her relations with other people are exasperating. She shows at once the levity and the sternness, the ruthlessness and the profound, rather sombre feeling inherent in the Irish character. She discards the too-cautious Michael, the boy from the village, to marry Stanislaus, lives on in the cottage with Amelia and Michael, and continues, with an innocent indiscretion, her flirtation with Michael—steadily disapproved by the mystic Reuben, man of the roads, who turns out to have been her father. The blameless end is heartbreaking. The acting is excellent. Miss Nathalie Moya's Katie, Mr. Oswald Silbeck's Stanislaus, Mr. Patrick Boxhill's Michael and Miss Margaret Nicholls' Miss Gregg are of the first order, and the rest of the cast do not let them down. *Katie Roche* could only be played, as it is being played at the Torch, with vivacious dignity. Here are none of those touches of burlesque that disfigure too many Irish plays.

"Under Your Hat," at the Palace

The authors of *Under Your Hat*, the new musical show at the Palace, have put theatregoers in their debt by bringing Miss Cicely Courtneidge and Mr. Jack Hulbert back to the footlights after a long absence in the film studios. It would be churlish in these circumstances to be over-critical of the vehicle for such a welcome reappearance. The story—twopence coloured Secret Service drama farcically treated—provides excuse for the pursuit of glamorous (female) and agreeably villainous (male) spies from Elstree to the Côte d'Azur and back; and though there is no particular distinction about the libretto, music or decor, the show's occasional tedium is amply redeemed by Mr. Hulbert's urbane fooling and, above all, by Miss Courtneidge's finished art. As jealous wife, impersonating in turns a French maid, a garage mechanic and a Colonel's Lady instructing a girls' school that some things must be sacrificed in the cause of Empire, Cicely Courtneidge achieves, as only a great artist can do, the perfect balance between the charming and the grotesque. The result is the happiest kind of laughter.

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Czecho-Slovak Peasant Paintings, Sculpture, Pottery and Embroidery, at 120 Maida Vale

This Exhibition is of more than topical interest; the fifteen water-colour paintings have many of those qualities which one associates with children's drawings, a wonderful simplicity of design, a love of gay, bright colours and a greater preoccupation with the subject of the picture than with the laws of perspective and realism. However, these are not children's paintings, but the work of skilled needle-women, accustomed to decorating their own homes with elaborate painted frescoes and arabesques. This shows itself mainly in the work of Marie Vavrova. Such paintings as "The Dawning Faces" and "The Blossoming Branch" show a very close similarity in design to some of the lovely needlework exhibited. What strikes one most forcibly when looking at these pictures and distinguishes them at once from the work of children is their deep spiritual feeling. Many of them are extraordinarily sensitive religious pictures, others like "Jaro, the Spring Goddess" are pagan. Another interesting fact is the deep preoccupation in the struggle between good and evil, between God and the devil. This feeling is best expressed in the pencil drawing, "The Patience of the Saints," where four kneeling figures holding flowers in their hands pray to be delivered from the awful spirits hovering around them. This, like many others, has an inscription written on the picture. All of these paintings are Byzantine in treatment. The full-face eye in a profile face, the stiff but contemporary clothes and the wide spacing of the figures, none of which overlap each other, are all in this tradition. At first sight it may strike some people that all this is due more to lack of skill and knowledge than to choice, but one has only to look at the post cards showing peasant-dresses to realise this is not so. These represent the type of picture post card that is on sale in all Czecho-Slovak villages and with which all these artists must have been familiar. They must all have known that their treatment was not naturalistic, but they deliberately chose it as the best medium with which to express themselves, and this exhibition shows how well they succeeded. It must be added, that with one interesting exception called "The Witch in Stocks" in which the figure says, "I am Force. I have great power, but I cannot help myself," all these pictures were painted under the Austrian régime.

The Mayor Gallery

Here are a dozen or more pictures from the Monteux collection, of which the most important is a fine and rather unusual Renoir landscape. Amateurs will be glad to see again the now famous Monteux Segonzac, though they will find some difficulty in seeing it properly in so small a room. Here also is a particularly good Utrillo of the best period (about 1909), painted, that is, at a time when the artist went to nature and not to picture post cards for inspiration. And here is a large Cézanne water colour so wooden and empty as to be disquieting. Students of contemporary painting will like to compare the early Roger de la Fresnaye, *The Shepherdess*, with the *Still Life* painted a year or two later. The former is a conscientious exercise in Post-Impressionism, displaying rather defiantly all the accepted conventions of 1910 or thereabouts—distortion, stylisation, angularity, naivety. It is an honourable and unpleasing work. The latter, in which the artist, thanks most probably to cubist discipline, has found himself, is a work of significance and beauty, which confirms the growing opinion that had he survived, Roger de la Fresnaye would now be one of the best painters alive. An interesting exhibition.

John Armstrong, at the Lefévre Galleries

In his first exhibition, soon after the war, John Armstrong displayed remarkable talents overlaid with modish affectations which displeased the more serious critics. Since then he has become known as one of the best decorators in England, and his work for Shell-Mex, the Orient Steamship Line, and one or two discerning amateurs has been a joy to those who care for contemporary art and take some trouble to see it. Always he has been a highly personal artist; few of the moderns have been less influenced by the masters of the moment. And even in this exhibition, which at first sight may appear too reminiscent of certain contemporary surrealists, the individuality of the author soon makes itself felt. If it is permissible to describe most of these pictures as surrealist, it must also be allowed that they are surrealist with a difference. The literary ingredient of surprise is used sparingly and, what is more, wittily: the artist's main preoccupation is with paint. Also he paints admirably; with natural

taste combining science and scholarship, which, to the jaded gallery roundsman, come as a far greater surprise than any surrealist jack-in-the-box. In his favourite medium, tempera, these qualities are displayed to advantage. Yet, when, in the smaller room, one comes on decorative projects, conceived in a different mood and carried out in a different manner, one cannot but regret that John Armstrong should be painting pictures at the easel instead of covering walls with his delicate and imaginative phantasies. He is not the only good decorator alive in England: there are two or three more. But who, except those rare Maecenatian companies, an enterprising theatre here and there, and one or two rich amateurs, dreams of employing them? As to who ought to employ them there can be no question. Public bodies, with their plethora of wall-space, are the indicated patrons. But, for all their fine speeches about art and the education of taste, government departments, county councils, state and municipal institutions of all sorts, remain as resolutely philistine to-day as they were in the days of Queen Victoria.

Plato Chan, at the Cooling Galleries

Plato Chan is a Chinese boy aged eight. His gift for painting is delightful, though it will not astonish those that know the pictures now being produced in the elementary schools of London. Although he has never been to China, his vision has evidently been shaped by living among Chinese objects: not only in his large oil-painting, *Welcome to China*, but in his drawings of Mickey Mouse (which are incomparably more elegant than Mr. Disney's), there is no mistaking the artist's nationality. His subjects include ski-ing, the Moulin Rouge, cowboys, the Dictators, the Madonna and the Crucifixion. He is usually at his most brilliant when painting animals in movement, but a picture, "After Seeing Some Works of Michel Angelo," is a most unexpected and curious success. May we recommend Mr. Chan to publishers as an illustrator for children's books? He has taste, humour and a nice sense of the primary colours. A picture by his sister of dolls also shows talent. This charming exhibition is for the benefit of the International Peace Hospital in China. Upstairs there are some pleasant paintings by Ethel Walker, Victor Pasmore, Rodrigo Moynihan, Vera Cunningham, Claude Rogers, Ivon Hitchens, H. E. du Plessis, and other members of the London Group.

THE COMING WEEK

SUNDAY, December 4th—
- Prof. T. H. Pear: "The Psychology of Conversation," Conway Hall, 11. Concert of Chamber Music, 6.30.
- London Philharmonic Orchestra, Covent Garden, 3.15.
- Dudley Collard: "Soviet Justice," 153 Finchley Road, 6.15.

MONDAY, December 5th—
- International Fête and Bazaar in support of victim nations, Westminster Palace Rooms. And on December 6th.
- Gala Performance of the London Ballet, Toynbee Hall.

TUESDAY, December 6th—
- Exhibition of Soviet Graphic Art, Bloomsbury Gallery, 24 South Molton Street, 10-7. Till December 23rd.
- P. M. Blackman: "What the African Thinks of the Colonial Question," Friends House, 1.20.
- Special Performance of "Intervention" in aid of Q Camps, Strand Theatre, 2.30.
- John Langdon-Davies: "A.R.P.," Conway Hall, 7.
- Dr. Edward Glover: "Hysteria," Inst. of Psycho-Analysis, 8.30.
- Gala Première of "Don Carlos," Sadler's Wells.

WEDNESDAY, December 7th—
- Meeting of Social Credit Party, Speaker: John Hargrave, Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, 8.
- Concert of Czech Music in aid of Refugees from Czecho-Slovakia, 19 The Boltons, 9.15. Tickets from Ralph Parker, 63 Piccadilly.
- "Entrée des Artistes," Curzon.

THURSDAY, December 8th—
- London Scots Self-Government Committee Supper, Gattis, 436 Strand, 7.30. Tickets, 3s., from Mrs. Fraser, 76 Old Church Street, S.W.3.

FRIDAY, December 9th—
- China Bazaar for the International Peace Hospital, Livingstone Hall, Broadway, S.W.1. And December 10th.
- Miss Cicely Craven: "Society and the Law Breaker," Dick Sheppard Centre, 8.
- Discussion on "The Tasks Before the Peace Movement," Speakers include Dr. Summerskill and C. E. M. Joad, Friends House, 8.
- Film: "Spanish Earth," in aid of Spanish Relief, St. Albans Hall, Golders Green, 8.15.
- "The Changeling," Literary Society Production, Birkbeck College, 8. And December 10th.

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THE wise historian will not make himself an apologist for the faults of an unpopular king, but keep his energies for casting doubt on the supposed virtues of some more successful monarch. The good qualities of a king do not often go unsuspected, since it is everybody's interest to discover them, nor are his bad ones usually exaggerated, since it is everybody's interest to hush them up. Thus when a King of England is regarded with contempt and aversion one can safely assume that his subjects and the historians were not mistaken, and that he was a very unpleasant person indeed. The exception to this rule of thinking badly of our kings is where he is a foreigner, whose habits of thought, and manners, make him instinctively disliked. There is some reason to doubt whether King James I was as bad as his reputation. He stammered, "shambled in his gait," and made pedantic jokes in Scots, which his subjects found it difficult to understand, but there is no more reason to think badly of him for these qualities than to admire him because he had a passion for horse-racing, rode courageously himself, and shot a great many deer. Incidentally, he used to hunt all through the close season. The nature of his relations with the extremely handsome young men with whom he surrounded himself is also irrelevant. He could not have allowed his favourites more absolute power whatever his relations with them had been—and that was what mattered to the country. His most serious fault was that he was always aware of Continental standards and thus aspired to rule on the pattern of a Continental monarch and strengthened the idea of Divine Right. This lack of insularity was part of what may be thought an attractive quality. James, like so many Scotchmen, was interested in ideas, learned, and pedantically intellectual. Scholars tell us that the figures of the absent Duke in *Measure for Measure* and of Prospero in *The Tempest* were intended for him, though they were perhaps only sufficiently like for James to recognise himself. If, like Prospero, James was "For the liberal arts without a parallel: those being all my study," he was also, like Prospero, fretful, irritable, and self-important. But he did read and write books, which is more than most Kings of England have done.

* * *

This rash defence of King James is prompted by reading a remarkably fine book, *The Jacobean Age*, by David Mathew (Longmans, 15*s*.), the only serious fault in which, if it be a fault, is a strong dislike of the King. Dr. Mathew, it is true, minimises King James's passion for young men, which he is ready to regard as "paternalism." He does not at all stress the scandals accompanying the favouriteship of Robert Ker, which ended in the perfectly appalling Overbury scandal. Sir Thomas Overbury, Ker's intimate friend, tried to prevent his marriage to Lady Essex, who got him put in the Tower, where she poisoned him. Ker married his friend's murderess. When the facts came out, the King shielded her and she got off, though her accomplices were hanged and her husband was disgraced. Dr. Mathew represents King James as a man wrapped up in sport who was given to joking when he touched serious subjects:

> It was not easy for a seventeenth-century sovereign to forgive levity or to value King James's merry tumbling.

Fortunately, Dr. Mathew is occupied with something more important than the King's character: his subject is the age itself. He gives two warnings to all who attempt to judge it from reading original documents:

> A peculiar difficulty is experienced in attempting to penetrate to the mind of the early seventeenth-century leaders on account of the depth of their reverence for such abstract ideas as sovereignty and possession . . . they had a sureness very hard to comprehend in regard to the doctrines on which the then world-order rested.

A comparable difficulty is often felt with the Victorians' sureness in regard to all moral judgments; still greater difficulties are springing up all about us and threaten to make the Rhine and the Alps impassable frontiers of the spirit. Another difficulty, peculiar to Jacobean times, is the magniloquent long-winded courtesy of their letter-writers. Dr. Mathew points out that this phraseology contains a precautionary element which is often overlooked. Few letters were wholly private, and it "was part of the long tradition of the non-committal which is so deeply ingrained in prudent politics." The nearest thing to it to-day can be found by embarking on a correspondence with a really old-established firm of solicitors.

* * *

Dr. Mathew gives a very detailed, clear picture of Sir Robert Cecil's administration, which lasted from the accession till his death in 1612 as Earl of Salisbury. He has been able to work on the unpublished vast correspondence, preserved by Cecil, which is still at Hatfield House, and he briefly discusses the correspondence of the year 1606, of which there are more than twenty volumes. Salisbury's greatest talent was for maintaining the *status quo*, and keeping the machinery of government running smoothly. He was always ready to assist persons of importance, according to their importance. A good example is that of Lord Southampton, who wrote to renew his suit "on behalf of my poor aunt, Katherin Cornwallis . . . she is an old woman and liveth without scandal, and I am in expectation of some good from her. If your Lordship will help me it will be to me, I think, a very good turn." The old lady was a Catholic and likely to be indicted, but Salisbury was always willing to intervene to save the aunts of peers, and to oblige even his enemies. It is the English tradition:

> His decisions bear the mark of a subdued efficiency which was only saved from grimness by his strange pacific courtesy.

Dr. Mathew has a complete understanding of this English temper, founded on respect for property: he avoids the kind of mistake which led Mr. Belloc to describe the family of Cromwell as *nouveaux riches*.

> The English ruling classes have nearly always been lateral in their emphasis; that is to say that it is the high connections rather than the ancestry that has counted. In the reign of James I the Tudor peerage was fully established; they had great transmitted wealth and the lustre of Elizabethan sovereignty. It was only in the nineteenth century that men began to concern themselves about the Plantagenets.

* * *

Dr. Mathew's estimate of the character of Buckingham, isolated by his meteoric rise among his Villiers relations, is excellent. The profound antipathy felt for him, and also his worst qualities, were due to the fact that he could not be expelled from his position. He had completely won the hearts of James, the Queen and Prince Charles; he was doted on by his own relations, who swallowed up offices of profit under the Crown:

> There seems reason to suppose that he was hindered by the love which surrounded him from appreciating the sharpness of political reality. . . . How far was he responsible for the fact that King Charles's values were so often those of a dream-world?

Buckingham was King James's legacy to his son: the knife and the axe were needed to cut England free. That is the real condemnation of James, as that of Charles is his execution. But I have stressed too much the political side of Dr. Mathew's study at the expense of his equally admirable picture of the changes of taste and the social background of the age. Almost the best part of the book is that devoted to Lord Arundel, who was almost the first English peer to occupy himself with the collection of *objets d'art*. He travelled about Europe with his wife, and in attendance on them was Inigo Jones, to advise about purchases of pictures and statuary. Though brought up a Catholic, Arundel accepted the Anglican Communion, but corresponded with cardinals afterwards as before.

> His attitude suggested the eighteenth rather than the seventeenth century, for he was the first of the great lords to profess indifference.

The Jacobean Age is a learned and illuminating book, full of matter on which I have not touched.

DAVID GARNETT

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FRUITS OF VICTORY

The Truth About the Peace Treaties. Vol. II. By DAVID LLOYD GEORGE. *Gollancz.* 18*s.*

In concluding his second volume of the "Peace Treaties," Mr. Lloyd George tells us that he often meets his colleagues of the Peace Conference "in the mysterious halls of dreamland." Clemenceau, he is sure, would still hold that all our troubles are due to the failure to occupy the Rhineland permanently and keep Germany down. President Wilson "would not have changed his opinions in any particular." Orlando would admit that he made a mistake in making so much fuss about Fiume to the neglect of more substantial offers. Mr. Lloyd George's own view? That, considering the colossal nature of the task of resettling a world in chaos, the Treaty itself was not so bad; that it emancipated millions of people who had lived under tyranny, vindicated international law by defeating and disarming the aggressor, introduced a new and successful system of mandates and set up a League of Nations which, honestly applied, could have initiated an era of disarmament, peace and international justice. Disaster and tragedy have been the result, in his view, not of mistakes in the Peace Treaty, but of the failure of subsequent statesmanship to maintain its provisions and honour its obligations. "The Treaties were never given a chance by the miscellaneous and unimpressive array of second-rate statesmen who have handled them for the past fifteen years."

Taking the two volumes of the Peace Treaties as a whole, it must be admitted that Mr. Lloyd George builds up a strong case to support this thesis. The technique of advocacy so successfully used in the volumes of War Memoirs is sustained to the end. As a literary achievement it is hard to think of a parallel to this long row of vigorous and well-argued Memoirs written between the ages of seventy and seventy-five. Nobody, I believe, has impugned Mr. Lloyd George's facts in any substantial point; no one can question the documents which give his work its great historical value. And when it comes to comment, how perfectly the style reveals the man! The varied inflections of his voice, the digs at his enemies, the far-away glance towards the mountains of Welsh Liberalism, the twiddle of the pince-nez between his fingers when he is beginning a devastating attack, the shaking of an admonitory finger when he rubs it home and the final gesture of his arms above his head at the height of his oratorical flourish—anyone who has ever heard Mr. Lloyd George speak can recognise these characteristics in his prose. The critic readily acknowledge, the greatness of the achievement and the force of the argument and the appeal. If he ventures a note of doubt about certain passages, it would only be by way of urging that Mr. Lloyd George remains perhaps too much the orator and the advocate, that in his account, for instance, of the Greco-Turkish imbroglio which led to his downfall, he might have done well, even at the expense of lengthening his narrative, to include rather more of the case against his policy. Moreover, his interpretation of events, though always shrewd and illuminating, stops at the point where the philosopher and historian finds the problems beginning to grow really interesting.

It is clear from Mr. Lloyd George's extracts that idealism was a real ingredient in the conversations of the Big Four. President Wilson was genuinely disinterested in most of the questions that arose, and the Treaty would probably have paid less attention to the problems of race and the position of minorities had its four framers not believed that America would be a signatory of the settlement. The French and the British were both willing enough to pay attention to ideas of justice wherever their vital interests were not too much bound up with injustice. It is worth while, for instance, to analyse the motives which actuated the Palestine decision. Mr. Lloyd George's documents make it clear that strategic considerations blended inextricably with sympathy for the Jews. There is no doubt that Mr. Lloyd George felt keenly, as he says, about restoring the Jews to the land which a biblical history had made so familiar to him. It is also true that during the war "public opinion in Russia and America played a great part," and that "in both countries the friendship or hostility of the Jewish race might make a considerable difference." After the Russian Revolution a new factor emerged—the fear of Bolshevism. Thus we find General Macdonogh explaining to the peacemakers that "if the Jewish people did not get all they were asking for in Palestine, we should have the whole of Jewry turned Bolsheviks," and Lord Robert Cecil commenting "Yes. I can conceive the Rothschilds leading a Bolshevik mob."

It was the total lack of the idealist ingredient which drove President Wilson into such fiery controversy with the Italians:

> President Wilson, with a nature rich and varied in animosities, cordially disliked the Italians. It was not a personal dislike of the genial Orlando or the courtly Sonnino, but he disliked them as an embodiment of the Italian policy of making war an instrument of violent appropriation of other people's towns and villages. War divorced from all idealistic aims was to him greed employing murder to achieve its base purposes.

About this Italian controversy Mr. Lloyd George is particularly happy. His descriptions of Sonnino and Orlando are full of shrewd observation and I enjoyed his account of Orlando's mistake in rushing off to Rome and saying more than he intended to excitable crowds of Italian patriots. He was not only, says Mr. Lloyd George in admirable phrase, "an impressive but impressionable orator." Curiously enough, though the Italians gained out of the war the Trentino with its purely German population, they remained dissatisfied, and Mr. Lloyd George quotes a singularly prophetic letter from Orlando in which he speaks of the intolerable situation which would be created "if the peace which is about to be concluded were to give rise in the Italian people to the impression that its position is that of a conquered rather than that of a victorious nation." If the Italian nation were forced into the ranks of the malcontents, Orlando asks, "do you think that the new order will rest on a firm basis? Do you not think that a dreadful period of absolute international anarchy will dawn for Continental Europe?"

Mr. Lloyd George can quote similarly prophetic remarks made by Austrian leaders about the effects of placing German-speaking people under Czech rule, and he does not hide his low opinion of Dr. Benes, whom he represents as a tricky fellow, cooking his case for the Bohemian frontier and failing afterwards to carry out his promises to the Sudetens. I think Mr. Lloyd George does less than justice to Dr. Benes. He suggests that President Masaryk would have managed affairs much more wisely, but after all, President Masaryk exercised a power no less great than Dr. Benes in the new Czechoslovakia and must share the responsibility for failure to deal with the Sudeten problem. Mr. Lloyd George would have done well to dig deeper here; it is true that the Czechs, like other people, were sometimes greedy and short-sighted, but also that they were generally tolerant and genuinely democratic, that they could see no way of defending their country without the Bohemian frontier, and that they were confronted with a problem of which the essence was the German feeling of superiority towards the Czechs whom they had ruled as underlings in the old Austro-Hungary. The sounder line of criticism and the more fundamental cause of disaster was that in recognising the disruption of Austro-Hungary and sanctioning the creation of new States, the Allied Powers permitted this congeries of new or swollen States to set up barriers against each other and to remain disunited in front of the inevitable German drive. If Austro-Hungary was to be broken up, then a Danubian federation was the only sound alternative.

Reviewing the Versailles settlement and the problems that it left for the statesmen, I cannot feel that it was merely an accident that those who followed Mr. Lloyd George and Clemenceau betrayed the ideals of the League. If speculation in historical futures were a profitable pastime, it would be fascinating to consider what would have been the results in Europe if America had adhered to the Treaty and had become, as the Allies hoped, a mandatory Power in Asia Minor. Certainly things would have been very different, and we may all agree that Clemenceau fell too soon from power and that the President's illness and failure were a disaster. But it was no accident that the statesmen who succeeded Lloyd George and Clemenceau were of smaller stature. The great dynamic persons of post-war history arose in the defeated and revolutionary countries. Hitler and Mussolini, though allies of capitalism were, like Lenin, the products of a revolutionary upheaval. The British and French politicians who have put up so poor a show are survivors from a past regime and the mere servants of interests whose clutching hands were soon again in control after Versailles. Already by the time of the Turkish settlement, so long postponed by President Wilson's paralysis and defeat in America, Mr. Lloyd George notices a significant change in the political atmosphere. The element of idealism that played its part in 1919 had disappeared when the Allies came to settle with Mustapha Kemal. "The policy," said Mr. Lloyd George, "of mineral, industrial and financial concession was gradually disintegrating the war ideal of racial emancipation." In the further volume which, one gathers, Mr. Lloyd George is

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to give us, describing the Lausanne Conference and the betrayal of the Treaties by the Allied statesmen, he might well follow up this hint of the effects of the revived power of these economic interests in post-war Europe.

Considered purely as a political and ethnographical Treaty, one may be disposed to agree that Versailles was not much worse than Mr. Lloyd George suggests. But that is to neglect far the greatest of its deficiencies—its failure even to modify the imperial rivalries of Europe and to provide a proper economic basis for the new order it tried to set up. I am convinced that no juridical League, no ingenuity in apportioning minorities and no political signatures unsupported by the dominant economic interests of Europe could ever have succeeded. Success could only have come if national sovereignties and the interests which they serve had been overridden in a League of peoples co-operating economically and socially. For that the world was not ready, mainly because the war ended in three and not in six revolutions.

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GREVILLE FOR COLLECTORS

The Greville Memoirs, 1814-1860. Edited by LYTTON STRACHEY and ROGER FULFORD. 8 Vols. *Macmillan* £15 15s.

This is the definitive Greville. At last we have the text entire, including not only the numerous passages suppressed by Reeve, but much that was crossed out by Greville himself, edited in most scholarly fashion with succinct notes and an invaluable analytical index. But the more we applaud this edition, the more we are bound to deplore the circumstances of its publication. Not only is the price very high, but the edition is limited to 630 copies, many of which will no doubt repose undisturbed on the shelves of collectors. When so much labour and learning have been expended upon this edition, it is deplorable that the ordinary reader should still be obliged to use the old mutilated text. I am astonished that a house with such high traditions and so justly respected as Messrs. Macmillan should have condescended to this method of publication, against which Lytton Strachey himself would certainly have been the first to protest. Is there any purpose in limiting an edition except to make it rare, and is there any justification for making rare the only adequate edition of a classic?

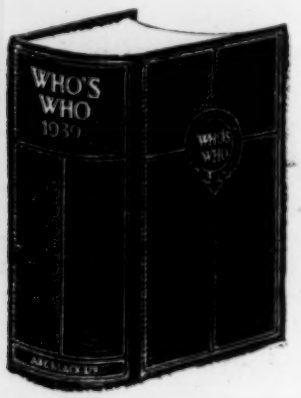
To illustrate the superiority of this edition, I must give some account of a few of the previously suppressed passages. (Many of these appeared in Mr. P. W. Wilson's far from scholarly collection of extracts, and in Mr. Philip Morrell's agreeable potted version, *Leaves from the Greville Diaries*. There are good new stories of Dr. Johnson and of Selwyn; and I like an anecdote of the raffish pre-Victorian days: when George IV was first seen riding in the Park with Lady Conyngham, Lord Beauchamp (grandson of the reigning mistress, Lady Hertford) exclaimed "By G. our Grandmother must learn to ride or it is all over with us." Then Princess Victoria appears, a "vulgar-looking child." She succeeds, and Greville notes her aversion from and fear of Conroy and her distrust and dislike of her mother. (The cause, the Duke of Wellington said, was her having witnessed familiarities between them.) Lady Cowper laments her obstinate character: "Her prejudices and antipathies were deep and strong and her disposition very inflexible." Apropos of the Bedchamber Plot. "The simple truth in this case is that the Queen could not endure the thought of parting with Melbourne, who is everything to her. Her feelings are *sexual*, though she does not know it." She went to a dance the day after her wedding, "shocking even her best friends, by not continuing for a short space in that retirement which modesty and natural delicacy generally prescribe." The Duchess of Bedford's impression (1840) is that "the Queen is excessively in love with him, but He not a bit with her." Melbourne says he is "moving day and night at keeping her straight, but she is very resentful." She is "a spoilt child only intent upon the gratification of her social predelictions." She "cannot or will not encourage conversation." She "never addresses her household except to give orders." There is a *tracasserie* about Prince George of Cambridge's flirtation with Lady Augusta Stewart, due to "the prudery of Albert" and the Queen's "love of gossip and exceeding arrogance and heartlessness." Her new yacht "is luxuriously fitted up, but everything is sacrificed to the comfort of the Queen and her husband, the whole Ship's company being crammed into wretched dog-holes, officers included." "Her sensibilities are not acute, and though she is not ill-natured, perhaps the reverse, she is hard-hearted, selfish and self-willed." She does not much like the little Prince of Wales, who she says is stupid, and "she was never really fond of the Pss. Royal because she thought her ugly." (Was it not rather jealousy of Prince Albert's love for his daughter?) She behaved abominably to her after her marriage to Prince Frederick, worrying and frightening her during her pregnancy and thus endangering her life. Stockmar complained about this to Lord Clarendon in Berlin, who on his return was sent for to Windsor.

> The Prince saw him first; told him the Q. would not allude to the subject, but that he wished to go into it thoroughly with C., and to speak with perfect openness. He entered upon this occasion into many details concerning the education of his children, and expressed something like regret or doubt about what he called the "aggressive" system that the Q. had followed towards them. . . . He had always been embarrassed by the alarm he felt lest the Q.'s mind should be excited by any opposition to her will; and that in regard to the children the disagreeable office of punishment had always devolved upon him.

Stockmar had already said that the Prince Consort "was completely cowed, and the Queen so excitable that the P. lived in perpetual terror of bringing on the hereditary malady." This fear for the Queen's sanity seems to have played a larger part among those close to her than has been realised. On occasions she used it herself as a threat. Palmerston is of course almost always in disgrace. "Their aversion to Palmerston," Greville notes in November, 1850, "is greater than ever, for to his former misdeeds is now added the part he takes about German affairs, on which Albert is insane."

Though few of the suppressed passages are very startling individually, their cumulative effect is considerable; we see in the young Queen those vices which Disraeli later encouraged for his own ends and which made her neglect constitutional propriety and personal dignity in her treatment of Mr. Gladstone.

The new edition throws some welcome light on Greville himself. He aimed at recording those stories of the day that were not in the newspapers, but only when they concerned public personages; and from this principle he did not depart as often as one could



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wish. There are interesting notes upon his reading and he refers often to his activities on the Turf, usually reproaching himself for waste of time and money, and expressing contempt for his fellow racing men. (In one suppressed passage he refers to Lord Derby as "avaricious and unscrupulous in his transactions on the Turf," and in another gives a long circumstantial account of Lord George Bentinck's dishonourable racing practices.) There is only one mention of Lady Graham, by whom he had a natural child. But two references in 1822 to Lady Georgiana Lennox reveal both calculated coolness and his self-knowledge.

> At the Priory I went into her room at night but was fool enough to go away without doing anything. I shall not be such a fool again.
>
> I have been very often bored to death by the necessity of paying some attention to keep up an interest with G.L. . . . Having had so much trouble, I don't choose to drop it without bringing the thing to a conclusion.

In September, 1829, he notes:

> I have been living at Fulham at Lord Wharncliffe's Villa for six or seven weeks, keeping a girl, of whom although she has good looks, good manners, and is not ill disposed, I am getting tired, and I doubt if I shall ever take one to live with me again. Henry de Roos, who is the grand purveyor of women to all his friends gave her to me; I have lived here in idleness and luxury, giving dinners, and wasting my time and my money rather more than usual. I have read next to nothing since I have been here; I am ashamed to think how little—the Odes of Horace, some of Cicero's letters, two vols. of Lingard, Ld. Mohun's Belisarius, the Lettres Provinciales, 2 or 3 novels, scraps of reviews, of Hallam (3rd time) atque alia paucissima—in short, a most unprofitable life.

These too rare sidelights on Greville's private life are fascinating, and another new passage that illuminates his personal character is a long account (November, 1836–February, 1837) of his conduct when this same obliging Lord de Ros, who was one of his most intimate friends, was caught cheating at cards. Greville seems to have behaved sensibly and honourably in a tricky situation, and we understand why so many important persons gave him their confidence and valued his judgment.

Reeve in the original edition suppressed much amusing gossip. Apropos of Byron "Moore *said* he did not believe in the stories of his fancy for Boys, but it looked as if he does believe it from his manner." Sir Thomas Lawrence, we are told, probably had similar tastes. Palmerston, staying at Windsor, took a fancy to Lady Dacre, one of the Queen's Bedchamber Women, and marched into her room one night: "His tender temerity met with an invincible resistance. . . . The Queen has never forgotten and will never forgive it." Peel "looks more like a dapper shopkeeper than a Prime Minister. He eats voraciously, and cuts cream and jellies with his knife." Charles Villiers is so hot in his rage against Puseyism that he wishes to abolish Confession by Act of Parliament, and Frank Villiers forges bills for £40,000 which his father, Lord Jersey, has to redeem. The Queen (1848) has a horror of Disraeli, which Lord John Russell has been trying to get over. Lady John Russell is the bane of her husband's political life (1855): "she has just cleverness enough to do a great amount of mischief; and her total want of judgment, joined with her unfortunate influence over him, has made him commit innumerable faults, which have reduced him to his present degraded and apparently hopeless position." When the Queen went to Paris "she was charmed with the Emperor who made love to her, which he did with a tact which proved quite successful. . . . She had never been made love to in her life and never had conversed with a man of the world on a footing of equality." Prince Albert proposes to the Duke of Beaufort to make his son his Lord in Waiting, but the Duke refuses: "if the Prince were not infatuated with his own dignity, he would never have contemplated the possibility of a young soldier resigning his office of A.D.C. to the Duke (of Wellington) to go and wait upon him at his trumpery and tiresome Court."

Almost all the quotations I have given show the rough edge of Greville's tongue, which won for him the nickname of "Gruncher." But these all come from the suppressed passages, and naturally it was the most disobliging remarks that Reeve chose to omit His tampering with the text often spoilt Greville's wit. Thus, of Lord Cochran, we now read: "It is a pity he ever committed a robbery: he is such a fine fellow and so shrewd and good humoured." Reeve replaced "committed a robbery" by "got into a scrape," and the joke was lost. Many such changes make the present edition incomparably superior to the old one. Greville's judgment was usually good, and his elaborate character sketches written at the deaths of the most important persons of his time are just and persuasive. Lytton Strachey said of the book he was later to edit that it was "a good book, not a great one," and if you compare, as he did, Greville with St. Simon, this is incontrovertible. After reading thousands of pages of the Memoirs, we feel neither affection for nor intimacy with the writer. An inquisitive, intelligent, well educated, sceptical and humane man of the world, with aristocratic connections and a Whiggish distaste for Radicals, Tories, and every form of cant, he would have made an admirable diplomatist, and might have made a successful politician. To himself and to his contemporaries his career seemed unworthy of his talents, but he may have hoped that his journals would win for him a lasting fame. He reread his old journals at intervals, making excisions and adding notes, but not revising the text: "Very readable," he comments, or "Not uninteresting" or "Tolerably good and may be shown." Undeterred by deafness and gout, he ran around day after day snapping up inside information, so that we can now watch 19th century history in the process of manufacture. You can call him a cold fish, and dislike him, but he was a truthful and gifted writer and you cannot resist reading him.

It is a pity that Mr. Fulford in his excellent but too short introduction has not included what little we know of Greville from other sources. There are some characteristic anecdotes, such as Lady Graham breaking with him, because he showed inadequate agitation when their child was teething. Again, he refused to attend the Privy Council while Lord Derby was Prime Minister, and Lord Derby, being told of this, remarked that "he had not observed his absence, as he never knew whether it was John or Thomas who answered the bell." Also it is interesting that whereas Disraeli called the book a social outrage, and said its style was "without a happy expression," Mr. Gladstone praised Greville's power of drawing character, his liberal and equitable opinions, and his love of justice, summing him up as a good writer and an upright man.

To the editors of this book, to Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Partridge, and to the printers, everyone who reads this edition must feel grateful. May I conclude with an appeal to the publishers to reconsider their decision, and to perform a public service by providing an unlimited edition at an accessible price?

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The reviewer's fan-mail is modest. Between himself and his fellow-reviewers on other papers there exists a barrier of silence. Letters from authors are usually threatening: "I have sent you a copy of my book, I now await your review." This is followed months later by, "What has happened to your review? Here is another copy of my book." One prefers of course the correspondent who begins, "How much I enjoyed your article last week on So-and-so . . ." but even he is not to be trusted; for it turns out, in his last paragraph, that he has really written to draw attention to a misprint. And a howling error will bring a score of letters and postcards. This happened to me a few weeks ago when, reviewing *The Oxford Book of Light Verse*, I quoted as unfamiliar a ballad which everyone else knew by heart. Several writers, after correcting me, went on to say that they couldn't stand modern poetry—a subject, I find, on which my correspondents like to end. For some reason poetry-lovers are far more conservative than the followers of any other art and, like Mr. St. John Ervine, regard the poems they have read in their youth as final. Their usual complaint is that "all modern poetry is alike." Now, that really gives their case away, for whatever else modern poetry may be—private, obscure, slapdash, spasmodic—it does not lack variety. All Chinamen were once said to look alike—by those who had never looked at Chinamen. The eye which can detect no difference between Yeats, Eliot, Lawrence, Auden, Frost and De la Mare—to name only a few—is obviously undiscriminating. And yet, no doubt, it could tell Crabbe from Cowper, and *Idylls of the King* from *The Ring and the Book*.

My difficulty as a reviewer of modern poets is more often to find their points of contact. The five books at the top of this article represent what seems to me the best published during the last two months. There they are, spread out: do they look so alike? Are Mr. Day Lewis and Miss Stevie Smith really indistinguishable? Will the reader of Mr. James Stephens find himself wondering whether he has picked up Mr. Allott or Mr. Prince by mistake? I recommend those who have a grudge against contemporary verse to buy all five and put them to the test.

For Mr. James Stephens simplicity and magic are still the essentials of poetry.

> I have wasted
> Precious time!
> —Seeking
> What is nowhere found—
> Seeking reason,
> And to climb
> By that to another ground.
>
> I do seek
> That cheat no more
> —That half-deaf,
> And wholly-blind.
> Moon,
> That was so loved before,
> Beam again
> Within my mind.

Throughout these poems, which take us on much the same kind of journey as Maeterlinck's *Blue Bird*, the moon is symbol of poetic ecstacy and unreason, and hence of happiness; so that in the end it is only necessary for Mr. Stephens to say "the moon" as Maeterlinck did "la vérité" to fill us with illusions of immense meaning. How far such writing is satisfactory depends on the reader's ability and willingness to dream. For me, a number of pages in *Kings and The Moon* are as blank as if the few words Mr. Stephens has inscribed on them had been left out; elsewhere, he dazzles with what might be called a white simplicity. For there is here, besides thin air, an enigmatic beauty and finality to which one returns. Where have we met it before? The first dozen poems keep us guessing; its source is not revealed till page 41:

> Tell what now is happening
> On the sole Arabian tree. . . .

Yes, and even *The Phoenix and the Turtle* has divided readers. Some, like Mr. Murry, find in it a fount of wisdom, while for the majority it is the supreme example of an impossible pure poetry.

It is four years since Mr. Day Lewis published his Collected Poems. Since then he has moved away from technical virtuosity towards easier forms and more flowing lines. In some ways this may have been a good thing; certainly he can be more direct and he can produce many more *kinds* of poetry than he did. But a certain coarseness of the imagination accompanies the change; he has always been over-influenced by others, and having escaped Auden he now reflects Housman and the Georgians. Lines like "For this their russet and rejoicing week" fit well enough into their surroundings, but what is one to say of such verses as these?

> Tell them in England, if they ask
> What brought us to these wars,
> To this plateau beneath the night's
> Grave manifold of stars.
>
> It was not fraud or foolishness,
> Glory, revenge or pay:
> We came because our open eyes
> Could see no other way.

It is a return—a false return—to the mood of Brooke and Flecker; and the fact that Mr. Lewis is a Communist writing about Spain twenty-four years later only deepens the contradiction. The real modern equivalent of Rupert Brooke is Roy Campbell. There are, though, admirable pages in *Overtures to Death*: the first of the *Overtures*, especially. And curiously enough, some of the war poems, in contrast to the one printed above, are genuine Lewis:

> Children look up, and the elms spring-garlanded
> Tossing their heads and marked for the axe.
> Gallant or woebegone, alike unlucky—
> Earth shakes beneath us: we imagine loss.
>
> Black as vermin, crawling in echelon
> Beneath the cloud-floor, the bombers come:
> The heavy angels, carrying harm in
> Their wombs that ache to be rid of death.

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In the first poem he has tried, and failed, to aggrandise sentiment; here he sets out to give a picture—and the sentiment is there.

Mr. Kenneth Allott is an apt pupil of Auden: the only one of these five who at his best might be confused with anyone else. He uses the Auden stanza (three lines and a half line), his imagery is Audenesque, he borrows from Yeats the little Auden has borrowed from Yeats:

> Night: the dwarfs tapping the points with hammers,
> The shunting going on through the small hours,
> The viaduct like a darkened nursery;
> While north and south the streamlined couriers set
> The permanent way of English clouds on fire.

But, as you see, he does it very skilfully. And there is something of his own: he has an added liveliness, the gay colours of a poster, which would improve and become particular with acquaintance. He gleans from newspapers, psycho-analysis, the street scene, the week-end or walking tours in the country. His province is the patchwork modern lyric, half-satire, half-sentiment. He is shy of intimate moments. This is his first book.

Mr. Prince's *Poems* (why can so few young poets bother with titles?) is also a first collection, as assured, and more personal. What Auden is to Mr. Allott, Eliot is to Mr. Prince; but there is hardly a line of his which would be mistaken for his master's. He gives us the meditation ("No, I am not Prince Hamlet"), but earnestly, prettily and without satire. His gift is feminine. He has chosen a path which Mr. Stephen Spender might have trodden but for his political conscience.

> My logic, vocables like fagots, triple chords, gongs, florets
> A whole chivalry of leaves,

may remind us of:

> Eye, gazelle, delicate wanderer, etc.

but it is rather a parallel development than a derivation. I quote one of Mr. Prince's shorter poems:

> Only the Arab stallion will I
> Envy you. Along the water
> You dance him with the morning on his flanks.
> In the frosty morning that his motions flatter
> He kindles and where the water's in the wood
> I watch you dance him out on delicate shanks.
> And lashes fall on a dark eye,
> He sheds a silvery mane, he shapes
> His thin nostrils like a fop's . . .

Again, if you like, there is a cousinly hint of Spender; but the outline is sharper, the verse more regular, the whole effect pictorial rather than verbally sensuous. The two long poems in the volume, "An Epistle to a Patron" and "Chaka," suggest that Mr. Prince might easily develop his talent in forms larger than the lyric; they have a remarkable cumulative power. Whatever Mr. Prince does in the future, I am inclined to back him as a winner.

Stevie Smith. And how on earth am I to describe Stevie Smith, to anyone who hasn't read her? She writes alternately sharp and sentimental verse, illustrated with dotty drawings, to nursery tunes; she is in love with Death (not always so good) and with the scenes of childhood; her writing has the air of an odd only, lonely child. *Tender Only to One* is most quotable when it's purely comic. What is less easy to suggest is the mixture of nostalgia and parody, of poetry and jingle. Do you catch an undertone in this?

> In the cold light of morning she was looking rather queer,
> In the cold light of morning, with a ribbon round her hair,
> And her youth lay behind her a long time for many a year.
>
> For when she was young, they took her love away
> And sent him to work, beyond the Mexique Bay,
> And she thought of him and lost her wits and now her hair is gray.
>
> With an, Oh if I think of him he'll come to me again,
> And an, Oh it was but a whim that took him o'er the sea;
> And an, Oh for all my eyes are dim they can look lovingly.

On the whole, *Tender Only to One* exploits a distraught humour; for all that, it is funny enough. G. W. STONIER

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SOUTH AFRICA

IN AND OUT OF PRISON

They Always Come Back. By CICELY MCCALL. *Methuen.* 7s. 6d.

Men in Cages. By H. U. TRISTON. *Gifford.* 8s. 6d.

Notes of a Prison Visitor. By GORDON GARDINER. *Oxford Press.* 7s. 6d.

A Living Soul in Holloway. By LADY CARTER. *Muller.* 5s.

Publishers of books on prisons have been working with one eye on the clock, anxious to produce their volumes before Sir Samuel Hoare produced his Bill. So if the authors have not had time to bother about the construction of their books or about their grammar perhaps you will forgive them.

They Always Come Back is a valuable contribution to prison history, because it is written with first-hand knowledge on a subject which has so far been completely neglected—the contemporary life and administration of the two great institutions for women offenders in England, Holloway Prison and Aylesbury Borstal Institution.

Miss McCall had a brief career in the prison service after training as a psychiatric social worker. It is a sign of the Home Office times that such a person should be appointed as a prison officer. But her book, written with vivacity, intelligence and understanding, shows incidentally how hard it must be for a woman with such professional training to refrain from kicking over the traces of that ancient contraption, the prison machine. One marvels at the author's self-control when one reads the tale of Billie Masters (pp. 210–213). Billie was on licence from Aylesbury where Miss McCall had known her. She threw up the job found for her, where wages only just paid for board and lodging, and fled to Miss McCall, then on the staff at Holloway. Miss McCall, with the knowledge of her superior officers and with the help of a Prison Visitor at Holloway, housed the girl safely in a hostel and registered her at an employment exchange, while reporting the facts to the authorities. The result? Billie's licence was revoked and she went back to complete her sentence at Aylesbury; Miss McCall was censored for having corresponded (in a "most unofficial" tone) with an Aylesbury girl on licence; the Prison Visitor was refused permission to write to Billie. This is called "After Care"! In spite of it Billie came to a good end.

Similarly, Miss McCall's straightforward description of the Institution at Aylesbury should shake the complacency of many. This one institution has to receive women of 23 with prison sentences behind them side by side with young girls, who may have committed no offence but that of absconding from a Home Office school to which they were committed for "care and protection" (sic). There is no other girls' Borstal, so there can

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be no classification and nothing for the girls on the lines of the careful observation, examination and investigation of the home conditions carried out among Borstal boys before they are allocated to a particular institution. Indeed, the Governor under whom Miss McCall was trained prided herself on knowing as little as possible of her girls' past records. Knowledge, she believed, meant prejudice.

It is clear that Miss Lilian Barker's Aylesbury, which just after the war marked an enormous advance towards commonsense, kindly treatment of the bad girl and the hoyden, has not moved with the times. Aylesbury has offered to the girls none of those opportunities lately given to Borstal boys by the adventures in freer community life, self-discipline and responsibility set afoot under dynamic leadership at Lowdham Grange and the North Sea Camp. Miss McCall's book will raise doubts in many minds as to the desirability or necessity of a girl's "Borstal" of the size or type of Aylesbury.

The first part of *They Always Come Back* is a mirror of life in Holloway, reflecting the images of prisoners of all ages, classes, sins and virtues, in the reception cell, the visiting room, the workshops, the exercise yards, the schoolroom. The mirror is clear and brightly polished, and in it you see the face of Holloway, very different from that presented to the casual visitor who, as often as not, is blinded to the essential futility of the whole monstrous barracks system by the abundant and genuine kindliness and humanity of most of the prison officers. Miss McCall's quick, critical, running commentary brings to notice the details, which have so much significance in the restricted, unnatural life of a great prison. Some are absurd, some poignant, like the sketch of a woman's visit from husband and daughter, frustrated by the ugliness of the room, the presence of a listening officer and the manifold restrictions. One's friends must not be touched, let alone embraced, one's chairs must not be moved nearer, one's work in the prison must not be discussed—and so the precious minutes are wasted in awkward silences and unsatisfactory conventionalities.

Sir Samuel Hoare has condemned Holloway as a prison for women, so Miss McCall's book may be regarded as its obituary notice. It is not a flattering one.

The other three books are of a different calibre. The late Major Gordon Gardiner's *Notes of a Prison Visitor* is just what its title says it is. Every night after his visit to Wormwood Scrubs he wrote notes of each visit, and these are printed without amplification or retouching, complete with dates and initials of men visited. It reveals the writer as a man of charm and kindliness, with a sense of humour and capacity for friendship. It is to be hoped that it will not reveal to those who knew them the identity of the prisoners and the troubles they confided to Major Gardiner. But as there should be an Unofficial Secrets Act for unofficial prison visitors, this book should not have been published, and it is perhaps just as well that its form makes it very tedious reading despite the attraction of the writer's personality and style. Lady Carter has been a Prison Visitor at Holloway for many years, and she gives a pleasant, harmless account of some of the people she met there. We learn that one of her girls in prison was greatly helped by being told the story of "the two men in the 'Ballad of Reading Gaol'; how they looked through the iron bars, and one saw mud and the other saw stars." *A Living Soul in Holloway* is like that.

Men in Cages matters a good deal more. It is a large, illustrated volume, written by a retired prison officer. The author is keen to see radical reforms in the convict prisons, including the abolition of the "cat" and the gallows. He writes: "Warders do not sit in the condemned cell with a doomed murderer, escort him to the scaffold the morning of execution and see him plunged to death for the pleasure of the job. Neither do they take a delight in stringing a man up to the triangle and watching his back be lacerated by the 'cat.' They do these jobs because their economic condition gives them no alternative. If they refused, the sack would automatically follow" (p. 244). The last chapter contains about a dozen sensible, practical suggestions for improving the prisons, the prisoners and the prison officers. The rest of the book contains a good deal of interesting information about convict prison life from the standpoint of the normally kindly, intelligent prison officer; in order to sell the volume this information is sandwiched in between numerous stories of escapes, mostly quite irrelevant to the chapters in which they appear.

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How About a Man. By HILDEGARDE DOLSON. *Duckworth.* 3s. 6d.
Awful Week-Ends—and Guests. By "FISH." *Methuen.* 5s.
Take Forty Eggs. By BASIL COLLIER and HELEN KAPP. *Gollancz.* 6s.
The Pick of Punch. *Chatto and Windus.* 5s.
The British Character. By "PONT." Introduction by E. M. DELAFIELD. *Collins.* 5s.

Any review of funny books must bristle with the prejudices of the reviewer, and this review certainly bristles with mine. Were I, for instance, an "English" master who once taught me at a preparatory school, I should doubtless find *History Repeats Itself*, by J. Adrian Ross and J. E. Broome, a funny book. It owes a good deal to *1066 And All That*—which was not published in my day—and even more to W. S. Gilbert and the Gilbert A Becketts:

> Boadicea, Queen of Britain,
> With the craze for speed was bitten.
> Chariots of different sorts—
> Landaulette and super sports—

This is just the thing to read out to the junior boys when exams. are over and you are prepared to unbend and show that you despise history as much as the boys do—this is just the thing for when there are ten minutes to spare before the bell goes for milk and biscuits.

Were I a fluffy river girl with a weakness for night clubs and Maidenhead, speed and Bing Crosby, and all the wild, wilful delights of this wild, wilful, delightful, funny old world, I would probably take my philosophy from *How About a Man*—"full of sound but not too serious advice . . . for every girl, whether she be sixteen or sixty." But were I that English master, I would not, of course, read it to the boys. I would give it to the headmaster's wife for Christmas.

Were I somebody with the sort of humour one sometimes finds in a house one rents for summer at the seaside. someone who

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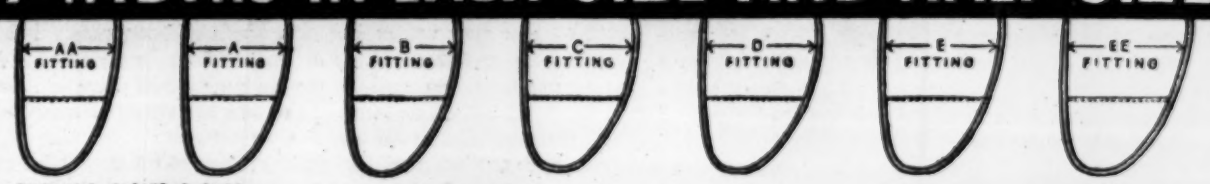

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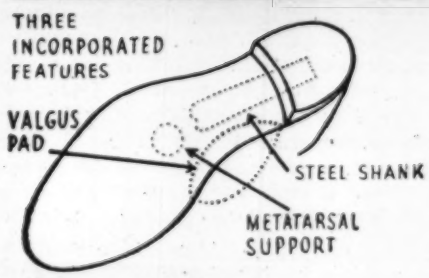

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likes putting up notices everywhere, little rhymes about not splashing in the bathroom, not dropping ash on the carpet, not leaving wet sand shoes in the hall, a real good, doggy, sporty, sort not too keen about art, I would doubtless buy *Awful Week-ends—and Guests*, by "Fish," tear out the pictures and pin them up all over the house. As it is, drawings by "Fish," though strongly individual, have never made me laugh. They are competent, in a superficial, rather nineteen-twenty manner; eyes are like commas, curves of a decorative nature swirl about, everything is two-dimensional. Despite his pseudonym, "Fish's" work smells to me of lavender soap.

The book that makes *me* laugh in this bunch is *Take Forty Eggs*. It is a parody of a cookery and household management book, and it seems to me to be spontaneous, unselfconscious and the result of perfect sympathy in humour between author and artist. It may not be everyone's idea of what is funny. Some may take this literally: "Bloodstains, how to remove from newspaper. Newspapers in which meat or fish have been wrapped are often unpleasantly discoloured. To clean, soak for several hours in water and scrub vigorously." Others may get more than a laugh from:

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All these books appeal to individual types. But what shall we say of that organ which, as is well known, is appreciated the world over where clean fun and class distinction are decently honoured, that organ which is as essential to a household as the annual catalogue of the Army and Navy Stores? I refer to *Punch*.

I think *Punch* receives to-day severer knocks than it deserves. The glances at recent numbers that I have made during visits to the dentist show that a minor revolution is starting. On the one side is the old gang of artists and contributors: a certain type of drawing and "joke" has so long been expected of it, that it is unable to manufacture anything else. Mr. Lewis Baumer draws fast, almond-eyed girls shocking elderly aristocrats, or pokes fun at the rich or makes jokes about people keeping butlers and footmen: Mr. G. D. Armour specialises in scratchy fences above which appears an "angry M.F.H.": Mr. Charles Grave remains resolutely nautical: etc., etc. On the other side there is the new gang of new artists and new kinds of humorists. It is not very strong, and some of the artists' drawings are really hideous, as ugly as the worst work of the old gang. But there is an effort to break with the tradition of the late Sir Owen Seaman. The new gang labours under three disadvantages. The *New Yorker* exists and any jokes in the *New Yorker* tradition will be called plagiarism. Sex is taboo. The third disadvantage under which *Punch* labours is its public. The *Punch* public expects a joke that is "good enough for *Punch*" and no better. Anything oddly humorous might lose a subscriber. Writing for *Punch* means writing for *Punch's* public, almost as tricky and dangerous a task as writing for a periodical whose editor is under the advertisement manager.

In *The Pick of Punch* (1937–1938) one finds the war fought out fiercely. There are 170 illustrations and I have made an analysis of those which were identifiable to me as jokes. Twenty-one were mostly cartoons which are not meant to be very funny or even satirical. The remaining 149 fell under the following subjects, and I have given the number of jokes on each subject:

Class distinction (money, butlers, lack of education, ignorance, birth, incorrect accent, etc.)	42
Unclassifiable and not funny	19
Professional (lawyers, "modern artists," sailors, etc.)	16
Funny. (Jokes whose drawings and words, if any, made me laugh and were not in the old gang tradition)	14
Precocious children (i.e., "Where shall I wash, Mummy?" "Why, in the bathroom, of course." "No. Where on me?" p. 24)	14
Sport (ignorance of rules of, inferiority in, etc.)	13
Fairly funny	9
Colonels	5
Good idea, feeble drawing	4
History	4
Husbands (carrying parcels, etc.)	4
Mildly satirical	3
Scottish	1
Funny drawing, feeble joke	1
Total	149

The prose betrays the same symptoms as the illustrated jokes. I notice that the sort of story which starts "'Well,' I said to Angela, as I cracked my breakfast egg, 'the Income Tax collector has called,'" is still popular.

The British Character, by "Pont," consists of drawings which have appeared in *Punch*. "Pont" is in the newer *Punch* tradition and he is good at drawing semi-imbecile clubmen, middle-aged ladies and vacuous "modern" girls. Here and there the restrictions demanded by the *Punch* public appear, but on the whole he has his own gentle sense of satire and sticks to it. I liked some of his drawings immensely, especially one of the British characteristic of "Love of Writing Letters to *The Times*."

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through self-governing institutions, the trade unions. Fifthly, therefore, the employers see that their end is at hand, for the alternatives are either Fascist controls or worse. Finally, Fascism has solved for Italy the problem that besets modern States, and has done it excellently, far in advance of any other country:

> We shall see more clearly why strikes are no longer needed to maintain the advance; why it is time also to abandon these metaphors of a class war (p. 38). . . . For the State is already trade unionist enough to make him (the worker) feel this, that morally the battle is won, and economically is being won, and that politically the future is his (p. 117).

Evidently, almost the whole case, which is closely argued, stands or falls by the fourth, fifth and sixth affirmations.

He asserts that the Italian Trade Union Act of 1926, reserving legal status to only one national union for each trade or category of workers, maintained freedom of trade association. "Voluntary membership is still maintained as a fundamental principle, even in the greatly changed circumstances of to-day" (p. 34). "In effect, the State delegated the authority of legislation, for their own affairs, to each labour union in collaboration with its respective union of employers." Can one, in any reasonable use of the word *freedom*, say that it exists where the constitution of an association is subject to that State's licence, and where no other unions may function? Is membership voluntary when the obtaining of scarce employment is almost exclusively dependent thereon?

Mr. Walter next affirms: "The strike as a means of class advancement was abandoned. . . ." By whom? Fascism seized the right to strike from the workers, and made it a criminal offence. The workers' final power, that of massed interruption of production, was forcibly suppressed. It is Mr. Walter's obligation to show that, in fact, another power, at least as effectual, has been given in exchange. To do this he must fall back on the argument that, by the Labour Charter, employers are subject to principles of justice defined and implemented by the workers and the State. Private management and property are maintained by the Charter, but the State may intervene when private initiative is lacking or inadequate. But it is a fatal weakness of the whole of the case that the actual position of the employers in industry and politics is nowhere thoroughly described. We are forced to turn then to the Trade Union constitution for satisfaction.

Mr. Walter observes that all trade union committees and officers are elected without State intervention. This is naïve. Is not the State the Fascist Party? Who selects the list of candidates, and who are the most powerful wire-pullers? It is perfectly possible that in the long run, of course, the mass of members of the Trade Unions may, perhaps they must, significantly influence the leaders and officials and the Party itself, in a democratic sense. It is necessary to emphasise Mr. Walter's attachment of importance to this question of influence by the State. For he regards the making of the collective contracts as the essential function of the Trade Unions: his claim that they are free and effective is based on this.

However, he leaves us without the most important information of all. To establish conviction we must know what are the controlling considerations in the determination of wages and conditions. Mr. Walter only gives us an account of the procedure of negotiation, emphasising the part played by the elected representatives of the workers. Even here, however, he cannot omit the central part played by the appointed official, the negotiator on the labour side. He does not answer the vital questions: Who exerts power? Where is the weight of authority? And when the matter is no longer one of mere statistical analysis, who has the power of interpretation? It is no use offering the usual description of appeals up to the Labour Courts or the Ministry of Corporations. We must know what forces are decisive. The book does not tell us.

This fatal deficiency leads us to believe that the Unions are effective only in a minor fashion. If that is so, several other claims of the author are extremely weak. Such is the view that the workers and their representatives are learning all about the business, and that consequently they are pitted against their employers in a contest of capacity—*lotta di capacità*—in business management. (Is not this phrase, indeed, one of those which beguile?) Such also is the belief that Fascism is Syndicalism in practice. Syndicalism surely required not merely that information and some pressure should be brought to bear on State activity by the Trade Unions, but that they, in free association, should *build the will* of the State. In Italy, however, the final decisions are taken by one man and a few trusted assistants—a will external to the Trade Unions decides their fate.

Finally, Mr. Walter asks the very important question: "Has it effected and is it still effecting a redistribution of wealth, allowing the worker a more equitable share in the product of his industry, or has it only secured a minimum of betterment for him beyond which the way is barred" (p. 113). Manifestly, the answer to this must be based upon voluminous statistical studies. These have not been undertaken, and the author even throws doubt on the possibility of valid comparisons on the ground that standards of welfare differ too markedly from country to country. He may be content with an enumeration of benefits from the social services, but we cannot be. Nevertheless, he is confident in returning an affirmative answer to his own question.

The reviewer genuinely wishes that Mr. Walter's warm enthusiasm were well-founded. This book would be very important if it were, even as it is now, when the case is bad. Only a work conducted with the thoroughness of the Webbs in their *Soviet Communism* and as unforgivingly as André Gide on the same subject could permit such confidence. I believe readers, and they ought to be many, will agree that the weakness of the central propositions of this book lets down the others regarding the history and general interpretation of Fascism. Nor has the author been able to detect the belligerent nature of the regime, the consequent military economy, and its effects on the status and wealth of the workers.

HERMAN FINER

GOSSIP ABOUT TURNER

Turner the Painter: His Hidden Life. By BERNARD FALK. *Hutchinson.* 18*s.*

The Double Life of J. M. W. Turner. By KENELM FOSS. *Martin Secker.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

As the titles imply, these books have to do with Turner's oddity rather than his work. Ruskin wrote so floridly of this that the personality of the artist, obscured in poor biographies, has been almost disregarded. The writers who turn their attention to the man's life to-day are vastly hindered by distance from their subject. In Turner's lifetime it was difficult to penetrate his privacy—the gossip Farington took ten years to discover that his young friend had a mistress. Now that his few intimates have been dead for fifty years the business of sorting supposition from fact, hearsay from experience, becomes almost impossible. Mr. Falk has made a brave attempt. His book shows the signs of serious research, but in the end many points remain disputable. The material he has gathered together is still gossip in the main, and where there are convincing details they concern more often the background than the subject. That Mr. Falk has by his conscientious burrowing produced little new light in the squalid mansion in Queen Anne Street is, though not surprising, unfortunate. New information in itself might have made unnecessary the repetitions and compensated for a limping cliché-ridden style; without it the lack of imaginative grasp becomes painfully apparent. Mr. Kenelm Foss's *Double Life of J. M. W. Turner*, though full of padding and ill-written, is more compact and simple. It is a rearrangement of the existing gossip. It contains little original research and in questions of fact is very much less reliable than Mr. Falk's carefully documented findings.

Both books have a lot in common with the catch-twopenny articles in Sunday papers. Turner's news value depends on the legend (whether you believe it, like Mr. Foss, or whether you doubt it, like Mr. Falk) of the trulls of Wapping, of the secret romance between the 60-year-old painter and his 40-year-old widow, and more than anything else on the hint of sensuality in the smutty drawings that Mr. Ruskin burnt. Each writer acclaims Turner the greatest landscape painter ever, and leaves criticism at adulation point. It seems perhaps that in this they have missed the most important clue. There must be some reason for the paradoxes in Turner: for the jewels of colour in the pig-sty house, the lover of Nature who hardly ever used green, the great landscaper who loved landscapes only when transformed in picture galleries or by sunset mists.

GRAHAM BELL

Chessmen. By DONALD M. LUDDELL. With the collaboration of GUSTAVUS A. PFEIFFER and J. MANOURY. *Harrap.* 25*s.*

This book is not for chess-players, who can be happy with a pocket set or even blindfold, but for those who are attracted by chessmen as others are by clocks, musical-boxes or curious glass. The ninety full-page photographs show some elaborate variations on the usual pieces. In a Russian propaganda set, appropriately red and white, the White King is a capitalist wearing top-hat and frock coat, and attended by a lady in furs, policemen, churches and a firing squad; only the horses' heads,

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I have watched the curtain go up on many first nights but never have I hoped for success more earnestly than I do on this Sunday. For I shall be speaking then about the London Fever Hospital, the oldest and only voluntary fever hospital in the country, and its urgent need of funds.

I feel it as a most grave responsibility that upon my few words rests the successful use of an opportunity which means so much to the hospital and which is so immeasurably highly valued by them. Will you please help me by listening to what I have to say? The time is 8.45 p.m. this coming Sunday, December 4th. Will you listen . . . please?

Leslie Henson

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NOEL

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on both sides, are of stock pattern and apparently unaffected by the class struggle. In another set, presented to the Moscow Marx and Engels Institute in 1921, Trotsky appeared originally as a Red but was then transferred to the other side. The fancies of earlier centuries—boar hunts, Morality men, Romans and Barbarians, the Battle of the Teutoberger Wald—had at least the advantage of not being upset by later events. Some of these sets are more curious than aesthetically pleasing. There are, though, many figures in Mr. Liddell's collection which would catch the eye on or off a chessboard: the sixteenth-century knight on horseback, for example, opposite page 31, and the mediaeval King and Queen from the Copenhagen Museum, which might have been lifted off one of the French cathedrals. They are works of art but hardly chessmen; and when we come to the famous Charlemagne King—an Eastern monarch on an elephant surrounded by horsemen and foot soldiers, supposed to have been presented to Charlemagne—it is impossible to imagine the board on which he can have moved. In the history of chessmen the battlefield with its knights on chargers seems gradually to have been replaced by the elegance of the Court, so that an eighteenth-century game looks more like a gathering of diplomats. Mr. Liddell gives chapters to the evolution of chessmen, the results of working in different materials, eccentricities, board games in Ancient Egypt, and the emergence of the modern conventionalised set. This is a charming book to look at and to read.

Southern Lights. By JOHN RYMILL. With two chapters by A. STEPHENSON and an historical introduction by HUGH ROBERT MILL. *Chatto and Windus.* 31s. 6d.

This is the official account of the British Graham Land Expedition, 1934-1937, excellently illustrated with 80 pages of photographs and eight maps. The maps mark the importance of this expedition to the Antarctic; some 1,000 miles of coastline plotted, and Alexander Land (once thought to be a small island) shown now to be far more extensive, and divided from Graham Land itself by a broad gulf. This expedition of sixteen men used a three-mast schooner, one aeroplane, one motor boat and sledges. It is the photographs which will attract readers. The mountains, the ice-cliffs, and white wastes, seen sometimes from the ground, sometimes from the air, are magnificently impressive; even the dogs, "huskies" from Labrador and Greenland, are magnificent. Mr. Rymill, Watkins' successor in Greenland, led the expedition and writes the account himself. It is straightforward reporting, unspoilt by the "human touch." The journey as a whole lacked incident; there were no mishaps worse than frost bite or a strayed dog. But though *Southern Lights* is not one of the epics, it impresses by its quiet success. The age of tragic exploration, perhaps, is past, and the useful efficiency of Mr. Rymill and his companions has taken its place.

Bad Manners. By JAMES AGATE. *John Miles.* 6s.

Under this title Mr. Agate has collected some of the things which have exasperated him during the last few years. He reads the papers, and one thing reminds him of another. It is "bad manners" to go to Glyndebourne, to write like Miss Stein, to undertip, to get into debt, to be highbrow about films, to submit plays to Mr. Agate, to produce a blurb like the following:

> At first, I said *Esther Waters*; then *Esther Waters* without lyricism; then Defoe's *Moll Flanders*, trying to find the possible tradition. I ended up with an amalgam of the *Duchess of Malfi*, Poe, *Crime and Punishment*, Zola, snakes and ladders, and the willies. I don't like it. I hate it like hell. The mixture of Herrick and horror is beastly. But, etc., etc.

We could place this fairly accurately as Yellow Novelese. But why doesn't Mr. Agate tell us who wrote it? Would that be bad manners, too? As usual, not all of Mr. Agate's punches register; they have a way, at the last moment, of turning into the lightest of smacks. But he goes through the motions. In *Bad Manners*, he has written a book of a hundred and fifty pages as though it were a newspaper article, without turning a hair.

The African and the Cinema. By L. A. NOTCUTT and G. C. LATHAM. *Edinburgh House Press.* 3s. 6d.

The unhappy influence of the commercial film in India and the distorted view of Western civilisation it presents there give reason for caution in introducing films to the natives of Africa. But sooner or later the Cinema must reach them and play an established part in their life. Realising this, Messrs. Notcutt and Latham set about the production of 16 mm. films and tested the reactions of illiterate Bantus. This book describes the results of their experiment. The films shown, though unpretentious and made in a hurry, had remarkable effect, and the authors gained valuable experience for future use. The conclusions they draw from it and the account given of the experiment itself deserve the attention of everyone who is interested in the future of Africa's native population.

The Ancient World. By J. M. TODD. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 9s. 6d.

This is an excellent piece of work. It is no easy matter to compress the history of twenty centuries into a book of four hundred pages and to maintain throughout a clear stream of narrative: but Mr. Todd surmounts both these difficulties. His method is original; he passes lightly over many historical events—he gives, for example, only twenty pages to the history of Rome from the beginnings to the time of Augustus—and concentrates attention on national movements, political and religious ideas, and great men. A chapter on Early Egypt is followed by an account of the Jewish nation, its struggles with its neighbours, and the growth of the Hebrew religion; and then two hundred pages are given to Greece, its statesmen, philosophers, and scientists, and the development of democratic institutions. In the Hellenistic section the importance of Alexander in world history is emphasised, and there is a good chapter, "The Agony of Judaism" in the reign of Antiochus Epiphanes. The last eighty pages are chiefly concerned with the Life of Jesus and the rise of the Christian Church. There is a chronological table, two maps, twenty full-page illustrations, and a good index.

About Motoring

CAR LAMPS FOR 1939

BETWEEN three-fifths and three-quarters of the cars in use in Great Britain are rated at 10 h.p. or less. These small cars unquestionably represent amazing value for money. But in one vital respect they are neither so safe nor so pleasant to drive as a small additional expenditure could render them; and I draw attention to the defect in the hope that readers will consider buying the extra equipment. Almost without exception these small cars are limited to a pair of sidelamps which serve a courtesy or legal purpose, rather than any practical end; plus a pair of headlamps which supply a satisfactory driving light with the switch in the full-power or dazzle position, and a grotesquely inadequate and indeed potentially dangerous illumination with the switch in the "non-dazzle" or "dimmed" position. By contrast, the typical £500 car of 1939 will exhibit four good-sized lamps on its nose, the headlamps approximately level with the tops of the front wheels, and the "passlights" at chassis or bumper height. The dazzle control will be so wired that the two passlights automatically come into action whenever the headlamps are switched off; and a coloured bulb on the dash will glow to warn the driver that his headlamps are in action, for under certain driving conditions he cannot tell by the naked eye which pair of lamps are "on." My main point is that the small car owner who possesses no "pass-lights" is often pitiably ignorant of the safety and comfort conferred by the use of pass-lights. As a rule he has not bothered to investigate the matter, because manufacturers usually advertise these special lamps primarily as "fog lamps," and in genuine pea-soupers they are no more use than a box of matches. I experience much difficulty in rousing my friends' interest in such lamps, so I had better clear the board by stating that huge advances have been made in non-dazzle lamps during the last year or two. At Earls Court, for example, one designer will stage a pair of headlamps guaranteed to light the entire width of the road for a distance of 500 yards ahead without inflicting any dazzle whatsoever on oncoming traffic; he effects this miracle by blending the rays of two non-dazzle lamps possessing slightly different optical characteristics; and the fortunate owner of this large and expensive pair of headlamps can ignore a dazzle switch under all traffic conditions.

Short of this luxury, it is possible to buy a single pass-light for a guinea or two, and mount it on the bows of a midget car. It will possess the following advantages: (1) It will not dazzle oncoming traffic. (2) It will illuminate the full width of the road without blotches or shadows for a sufficient distance ahead to make driving safe at speeds up to 30 m.p.h. and possibly up to a speed of 50 m.p.h., the precise range of the illumination varying with the make and price of the lamp. (3) It will assist the driver in light and patchy mist, though—in my personal experience and judgment—it will be very nearly useless in heavy fog. Accordingly, on any car equipped with one (or a pair) of these pass-lights, I habitually keep my headlamps switched off in street traffic, and along roads where desultory traffic compels me to dive for the non-dazzle headlamp control at brief intervals, and along roads where I do not propose to exceed 40 miles an hour at night. Under all these conditions I enjoy better illumination than if I were using the headlamps in their dimmed position; I am delivered from perpetual switching; and although I like lots of light at nights, I retain quite as much light by this system as my eyes desire.

It is easy to substantiate these facts. The beam from ordinary headlamps is a cone. The peak of the cone is located at the bulb filament, i.e. at about 3ft. from ground level; and the upper half of the cone dazzles oncoming drivers, cyclists and pedestrians.

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 unless otherwise stated.

ADELPHI.	**Bobby Get Your Gun.**	Thurs., Sat.
AMBASSADORS.	**Spring Meeting.**	Wed., Fri.
COLISEUM.	**Varieties.**	Sats.
COMEDY.	**Room for Two.**	Tu., Fri.
GLOBE.	**Robert's Wife.**	Wed. & Sat.
HIPPODROME.	**Fleet's Lit Up.**	Th. & Sat.
LYRIC.	**The Flashing Stream.**	Wed. & Thurs.
OLD VIC.	**The Rivals.**	Thur., Sat.
QUEEN'S.	**Dear Octopus.**	Wed. & Sat.
ST. JAMES'.	**Gentleman Unknown.**	Wed., Sat.
S. MARTIN'S.	**When We are Married.**	Tu., Fr.
SAVOY.	**Lot's Wife.**	Mon., Sat.
SHAFT'BURY.	**Good-bye, Mr. Chips.**	W., S.
STRAND.	**Banana Ridge.**	Thurs. & Sat.
VAUDEVILLE.	**Goodness, How Sad!**	Tu., S.
WESTMINSTER.	**Dangerous Corner.**	W., S.
WYNDHAM'S.	**Quiet Wedding.**	Wed., Sat.

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SADLERS' WELLS, Rosebery Ave., E.C.1.
2d. 'bus from Piccadilly. (Terminus 1672.) 6d. to 7s. 6d.

Tues.,	Dec. 6th.	8.15.	GALA — DON CARLOS (Verdi). (First English performance), in aid of Queen Charlotte's Hospital.
Wed.,	Dec. 7th.	8.0.	LA BOHEME.
Thurs.,	Dec. 8th.	8.0.	BALLET — LES SYLPHIDES. THE JUDGMENT OF PARIS, BARABAU, NOCTURNE.
Fri.,	Dec. 9th.	8.0.	MADAM BUTTERFLY.
Sat.,	Dec. 10th.	2.30.	BALLET—LE LAC DES CYGNES (in entirety).
Sat.,	Dec. 10th.	8.0.	DON CARLOS.

THEATRES

ADELPHI. (Tem. 7611.) Evgs., 8.15. Th., Sat., 2.30.
BOBBY HOWES in
BOBBY GET YOUR GUN
GERTRUDE NIESEN. DIANA CHURCHILL.

AMBASSADORS. Tem. 1171. EVGS., 8.30.
Mats., Wednesday & Friday, 2.30.
SPRING MEETING
A Light Comedy by M. J. Farrell and John Perry.

COMEDY. Whi. 2578. Evgs., 8.30. Tu., Fri., 2.30.
ELSIE RANDOLPH, HENRY KENDALL and HUGH WAKEFIELD in
ROOM FOR TWO

DUCHESS. (Tem. 8243.) Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
CHRISTMAS WEEK, DAILY, 2.30 and 8.30.
SYBIL THORNDIKE, EMLYN WILLIAMS in
THE CORN IS GREEN
A Comedy by EMLYN WILLIAMS.

DUKE OF YORK'S. (Tem. 5122.) Evgs., 8.30.
Matinees, THURS. & SAT., 2.30.
BASIL SYDNEY & MARGARETTA SCOTT in
TRAITOR'S GATE
"... HOW THE PLAY HOLDS!"—*Times.*

GARRICK. 8.30 (ex. Mons.). Tues., Th., Sat., 2.30.
Extra performances, Dec. 26th, 2.30 and 8.30.
GYLES ISHAM and WANDA ROTHA.
ELISABETH OF AUSTRIA
"A PLAY TO SEE."—*Daily Telegraph.*

GLOBE. Ger. 1502. EVGS., 8.30 sharp.
Mats., WEDS. and SATS., 2.30 sharp.
ROBERT'S WIFE
By ST. JOHN ERVINE.

HIPPODROME. Ger. 3272. 8.15. Th., Sat., 2.30.
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LYRIC. Ger. 3686. Evgs., 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.
GODFREY TEARLE, MARGARET RAWLINGS in
THE FLASHING STREAM
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LEWIS CASSON
Produced by ESME CHURCH.
(Costumes and Settings by Stewart Chaney.)
Week of December 19th, Theatre closed.
Box. Day, 2.30, 8 (4 wks.), Midsummer Night's Dream.

PLAYHOUSE. Whi. 7774. Evgs., 8.30 (ex. Mon.) sharp.
Matinees, WED., THURS., SAT., 2.30.
THE SHOEMAKER'S HOLIDAY
By Thomas Dekker.
Produced by NANCY PRICE.

QUEEN'S. Ger. 4517. Evgs. at 8.15 sharp.
Mats., Weds. and Sats., at 2.30.
MARIE TEMPEST. JOHN GIELGUD in
DEAR OCTOPUS. By DODIE SMITH.

ST. JAMES'. (Whi. 3903.) Evgs., 8.30. W., S., 2.30.
BARRY K. BARNES in
GENTLEMAN UNKNOWN
by A. A. MILNE.

ST. MARTIN'S. Tem. 1443. 8.30. Tu., Fri., 2.30.
LONDON'S LAUGHING SUCCESS.
J. B. PRIESTLEY'S FARCICAL COMEDY.
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NORA SWINBURNE. J. H. ROBERTS.
"Laughter in every Line."—*Daily Herald.*

SHAFTESBURY. Ger. 6666. 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
LESLIE BANKS, CONSTANCE CUMMINGS in
GOOD-BYE, MR. CHIPS
Extra Christmas Matinees, Dec. 26 & 27, 2.30.

THEATRES—continued

STRAND. (Tem. 2660.) Evgs., 8.30. Thurs. and Sat.
ROBERTSON HARE & ALFRED DRAYTON in
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Extra Christmas Matinee, Boxing Day, 2.30.

UNITY. (EUS. 5391.) Evgs., ex. Mons., 8.30.
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A PANTOMIME WITH POLITICAL POINT.
Doors open 8 p.m. Book now: 1/- to 3/6. Members only.
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Reserved Seats from 3/6. *Unreserved,* 2/6.

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THE HOME OF "THE LAMBETH WALK."

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QUIET WEDDING
ELIZABETH ALLAN FRANK LAWTON MARIE LÖHR
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Time and the Conways
J. B. PRIESTLEY.

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Evgs., 7.45. Mats., Sat., 2.30.
The Barretts of Wimpole Street
RUDOLF BESIER.

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COLISEUM, Charing X. Tem. 3161.
December 5th. 6.25 and 9. Mats., Sats., 2.30.
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Princesse Marthe Bibesco's world-famous love romance.

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PIERRE FRESNAY in
"ALERTE EN MEDITERRANÉE" (A)
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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Rates and all information on page 946

The beam from these pass-lights is of the "flat top" variety; the upper half section of the cone is missing; and there is no dazzle. To wring dazzle from a good pass-lamp, you must either lie or squat on the road, so as to put your eye in the range of the lower half-cone of the beam; and as these lamps are mounted at frame or bumper level, no human being can trap their beam with his eye, save only when the car is jerked temporarily upwards by a donkey-back bridge or other rare disturber of frame levels. You can cross London from one side to the other at night with a pair of pass-lights of maximum power kept incessantly in action, and not a soul will blip his headlamps at you or even scowl; for not a soul will be dazzled.

In traffic the alternatives to using pass-lights are three in number; (i) To drive on side lamps alone (if these are weak, the driver cannot see properly; but if they are strong, they create a substantial degree of dazzle). (ii) To drive on side lamps and one dipped headlamp (when the illumination ahead is inferior, because if the solitary headlamp is not steeply dipped and sharply tilted to the near side, it will annoy oncoming drivers); or (iii) to keep switching the headlamps on and off (which is tiresome for the driver, and afflicts him with a driving light which is perpetually variable). If, in lieu of these unsatisfactory alternatives, he uses pass-lights, he will be oblivious of his lamps altogether, as in daylight he is oblivious of Nature's illumination; for he can see comfortably and has nothing to worry about. The larger and costlier pass-lamps emit such a comforting beam that at first sight there seems to be no reason for burdening a car with two of them; and so far as driving safety and comfort are concerned, one good pass-light satisfies all rational requirements. I think that the luxurious cars carry a couple, partly because they balance each other aesthetically, and partly because a slow-witted man might get into difficulties if the bulb of a solitary pass-light suddenly gave up the ghost when he was off his guard.

The value of these lamps in fog is insubstantial. They assuredly cannot penetrate a heavy mist. Of course, they do not erect an opalescent wall immediately ahead of the car as headlamps will, for the simple reason that they cast no light at all at a height of more than say, 2ft. above the ground; so they erect an opalescent kerb rather than an opalescent wall. But this opalescent kerb is quite useless, and indeed confusing. On the whole in heavy fog I switch off my pass-light or -lights, and either rely entirely on side lamps, or on the side lamps and one headlamp, dipped downwards and tilted sideways. There may be fog lamps which can claim a limited penetrative effect in dense fog; if so, I have yet to try such a lamp. But the pass-light adds such comfort and safety to night driving under clear weather conditions that it ought to be fitted to all cars; and since the mass-producer of midget cars cannot afford to bestow such delights upon his customers, it is up to his customers to utilise Christmas or their next birthday, and make the invaluable addition at their own charges.

R. E. DAVIDSON

Week-end Competitions

No. 456

Set by V. S. Pritchett

The usual prizes are offered for a new Aesop fable on any persons or situations in contemporary politics.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, December 9th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 454

Set by F. Laws

Some of our most elegant writers have glorified cricket in prose and verse. The same should in fairness be done for other sports.

The usual prizes are offered for praise of darts, shoveha'penny, all-in wrestling, poker, pin-tables, or croquet.

Report by F. Laws

Forty competitors were anxious to bring literature to the aid of Britain's lesser sports. NEW STATESMAN readers apparently play at darts, croquet, pin-tables, shoveha'penny, poker, and ping pong, in that order of preference. Their eloquence in support of their favourite sports has made adjudication unusually difficult.

F. S. Heyes had to be eliminated early, although he had some good lines:

> Haud facile est manibus certis intendere telum,
> Spolia nec sumes, non nisi saepe iacis.

Nora Rainbow made an elegant fable of the Divine Origin of Darts. Cupid is blamed:

> Mars took a spare shield, marked it out
> In twenty equal parts,
> And promised him without a doubt
> When he could throw his darts
> Infallibly, why then
> His targets might be human hearts—
> And leave the board to men.

R. S. Jaffray introduced politics:

> Democracy now has its fling,
> And with good heart,
> The peasant throws as eke the King
> His Dirty Dart.

L. W. Bailey was seeded for a masterly impersonation of a *Times* leader writer in a whimsically sociological mood. "The workers are uniting indeed—but only for the purpose of forming a team to represent the local public house; and they have frequently something more to lose than their chains, about which, too, they appear to be considerably more anxious—the forthcoming match between, say, the 'Red Lion' and the 'Bull's Head.' While in the games played between various industrial firms, employer and employee frequently throw side by side. Let the grim denizens of the Kremlin puzzle out, if they can, this strange manifestation of British democracy."

Elizabeth Meeres, T. M. Parry, L. M. J., Craven A, Bluebird, and Roc graciously praised the essential Englishness of Croquet.

"Tim" had the proper style of the cricket addict: "As an ardent spectator of the sport of the noble touch, I should like to protest against the modern practice of grasping the machine and, by means of jerks sufficiently gentle to avoid the disqualifying tilt, urging the balls into holes whither skill of the trigger alone should have directed them. This insidious and, unfortunately, growing habit strikes at the very foundation of the sport. I recall one occasion at the Haymarket premises when . . ." E. Davies was philosophical: "Before the advent of the pin-table your stray penny was so much dead weight, a taunting reminder of the wealth of other men, a thing to be flung over the roof-tops with curses." John Mair was disqualified in the last round for rudeness to spectators:

> An envious wonder moves them as they stand
> Tarts, Travellers, Cypriot Gangsters hand in hand.
> Four thousand more! The last ball leaps the slips
> And strikes the maximum. From pudgy lips
> (Long since corrupt by vices or steak pies)
> Break curses, prayers and geminated sighs.

Besides, "geminated" is a vile phrase.

Gerald Summers was the only notable praiser of ping pong or shoveha'penny and is commended. I would like to give a prize to Martin Walsh, but the moral of his tale is doubtful. So the First goes to Philip Lawton and the Second to Frank Adams.

FIRST PRIZE

> Now do the workers stumble to the inn
> That day's despair may end in evening's sin.
> But lo! a dartboard; vice to sport gives way,
> And fools who came to quaff remain to play.
> Sounds through the smoke the thud of darts that fall,
> Now bedded in the cork, now in the wall.
> Steel grates on wire, the chalk squeaks on the slate;
> The players pause but to expectorate.
> Bert throws with grace of swiftly rippling wrist;
> His style is faultless but the board is missed,
> While Fred, whose careful art dissembles trouble,
> Flicks the three-feathered steel into the double.
> Then portly William, needing six to win
> Scores seven, and the players cry, "You're bin!"
> And others watch, forgetful of their beer;
> Not theirs to play, but only stand and cheer.
> Thus does the game, its hopes and pains and strife,
> Tell on a little stage the tale of life.

PHILIP LAWTON

SECOND PRIZE

AN OLD MAN TO HIS LOVE

> Some praise th' ingenious *Tiddleywinke* in Song,
> Some laud the *Ping*, and some the urgent *Pong*;
> To such my humble Muse doth not aspire,

But thou, bland CROQUET, mov'st my genial Lyre.
See where those Lovers of the antient Sport
With nice Adjustment tread the water'd Court;
With what Addresse they ply their gentle Gear,
And with suave strokes propel th' unbyass'd Sphere!
No noxious Weeds the razor'd Lawn deform,
Nor earthy Banquets of the wanton Worm,
Nor lacks a pleasing Humour to the Scene,
As when the vacant Catt, with sportive Mien,
Leaps on the placid Globes, and rolls 'em round the Green.

By Youth disdayn'd, to Age fair CROQUET brings
Contentment richer then the Sports of Kings;
Eumorphous *Mallet*, what a Gift is thine
To soothe our Sorrows, and our Joys refine!
With thee, egregious *Hoope*, and thee, bright *Post*,
My hours are nobly spent, my Heart well lost.
Sweet CROQUET, Mistress of our Latter Days,
Thine is the Conquest, and be thine the Praise!

FRANK ADAMS

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 309.—FORM FOURS

Everyone knows that many numbers can be expressed by using the digit 4 exactly four times, with appropriate arithmetical symbols.

Thus

$$6 = 4 + \frac{4+4}{4}$$

$$35 = 4! + \frac{44}{4}$$

$$72 = \frac{(4+4)\,4}{\cdot 4}$$

$$111 = \frac{444}{4}$$

A discussion arose the other day, over lunch at the "Four Alls," as to what is the smallest integral number not capable of expression in this way.

What is it?

The above problem is suggested by a much more difficult exercise submitted by a solver. I am keeping the latter in cold storage.

*** Solvers are invited to send the entire series of numbers worked out by them. These are sure to be interesting, and may well suggest future problems.

*** I will give copies of my book *Question Time* to the six solvers sending in the most ingenious sets of answers.

PROBLEM 307.—FIVE YEARS

Solution by A. J. White

Beginning with the formula:

$$\frac{n}{h} = \frac{1}{a} + \frac{1}{b} + \frac{1}{c}$$

and knowing that 143 is the denominator of the difference between h_1 and h_2 we may therefore put:

$$\frac{3 \times 11 \text{ or } 13}{?} = \frac{bc + ac + ab}{abc}$$

which means than when h_1 and h_2 are in their lowest terms their denominators will be 11 and 13. Assuming for the moment that 11 is the denominator of h_1 and that N_1 and N_2 are the numerators of h_1 and h_2 respectively, then:

$$\frac{N_2}{13} - \frac{N_1}{11} = \frac{810}{143}$$

It is then found after experiment that 180 and 90 are the only satisfactory values for N_2 and N_1 respectively. This means that the L.C.M. of the three ages is 30 and 60 after five more years.

The only age basis consistent with these figures is 5 : 10 : 15.

Katia is therefore 15 years old.

PROBLEM 306.—CINDERELLA

A set of Low's cartoons goes to M. R. Ridley, Balliol College, Oxford.

Four points are awarded. CALIBAN

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

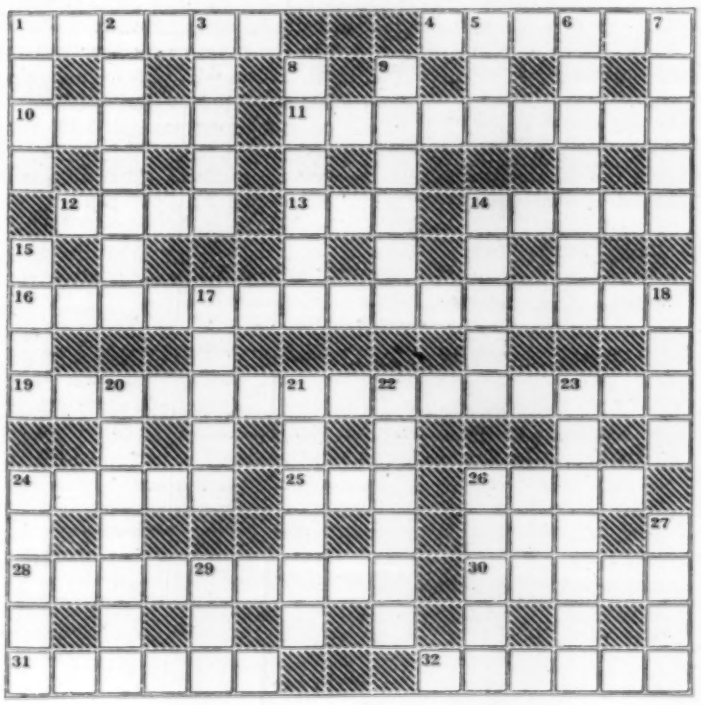
In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 456

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is

E. D. Hake, 24 Park Avenue, Bedford.

ACROSS

1. With 4, 30, 31, 32, and the first and last of 16 could no doubt tell you Where the Rainbow Ends. (6)
4. See 1. (6)
10. Upholder of works of 13. (5)
11. One suffering from 19 could not bear this, you'd think. (9)
12. Result of mixing 11s naturally. (4)
13. See 10. (3)
14. One of his kind is golden. (5)
16. They get three cheers with a tune. (15)
19. You might expect the outlook to be black for people with this. (15)
24. Another name for a bird without colour. (5)
25. This 30 was incorruptible. (3)
26. When 11s fade. (4)
28. She of course completely reflects the light. (9)
30. See 1. (5)
31. See 1. (6)
32. See 1. (6)

DOWN

1. Calame! as Latin scholars might say. (4)
2. Make off with the Don's cab. (7)
3. Not the Angelic Doctor, though possibly an angel. (5)
5. I stand for it. (3)
6 (rev.). "Scratch my back & I'll scratch yours" in short. (7).
7. Swore not so well. (5)
8. I start for a sea passage. (6)
9. She had a way of collaring people. (6)
14. Indeed when I left it was finished. (5)
15 (rev.). Usually has the pip. (4)
17. The sort of party that must be At Home. (5)
18. Turkey is near it. (4)
20. He must take the low road. (7)
21. Tragic underwear. (6)
22. Is Cain's brother? (6)
23. From the men's tee perhaps one could cut it out. (7)
24. As I am a warrior. (5)
26. Pressed up. (5)
27. Not one in a hundred, but the reverse. (4)
29. The dog is pleased to produce the jester. (3)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

■	L	I	T	T	L	E	B	O	Y	B	L	U	E	■
■	■	N	■	I	■	N	■	N	■	A	■	N	■	■
T	U	S	S	L	E	D	■	S	A	C	K	F	U	L
H	■	I	■	E	■	L	■	E	■	C	■	R	■	I
E	X	P	E	D	I	E	N	T	■	H	T	O	O	T
P	■	I	■	■	■	S	■	■	■	A	■	C	■	T
I	N	D	I	C	E	S	■	D	A	N	A	K	I	L
P	■	■	■	A	■	L	■	U	■	A	■	■	■	E
E	D	A	C	I	T	Y	■	C	O	L	D	T	U	B
R	■	B	■	R	■	■	■	K	■	■	■	E	■	O
S	R	A	E	N	■	W	E	L	S	H	H	A	R	P
S	■	T	■	G	■	H	■	I	■	A	■	G	■	E
O	U	T	V	O	T	E	■	N	E	U	R	O	S	E
N	■	I	■	R	■	E	■	G	■	L	■	W	■	P
■	■	S	I	M	P	L	E	S	I	M	O	N	■	■

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

MARKETS AND THE CHANCELLOR—CEMENT SHARES—THE FALLING POUND—NEW UNIT TRUSTS

THE Stock Exchange did not allow itself to be greatly disturbed by the General Strike in France. Prices, of course, were lowered on Monday and commodities were weak on the fall in sterling, but recovery came on Tuesday when the news came from France that the General Strike was likely to be a fiasco. There was little increase in business but two factors contributed to the firmness of prices in the equity share markets. First, there has been a batch of good company results. The reports of P. & O., Tate & Lyle, Tube Investments and Short Brothers were distinctly encouraging. The market was prepared for something like the 70 per cent. increase in the earnings of a prosperous aircraft manufacturing company such as Short Brothers, which is paying 42½ per cent. against 40 per cent., but it was agreeably surprised to find the profits of Tube Investments rise sharply for the sixth year in succession. It is obvious that the trade recession has fallen very unevenly and that some trades have not felt depressed at all. The market, if we may judge from the stability of the equity share index over the past six months, seems inclined to take the view that the recession has run its course and that the next move in equity share prices, if Herr Hitler allows a move at all, may be upward in conjunction with a further rise in Wall Street. I am not prepared to support the market view at this stage but merely to observe it. The second factor which contributed to the recovery in markets this week was the statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer on Tuesday evening that the Government would seek powers presently to increase its borrowing power. The Chancellor's statement was interpreted in the market as a tip to industrialists and traders not to hold back their expansion programmes through fear that all the extra cost of rearmament will be met by increases in direct taxation. This, of course, is not an inflationary policy, while a large body of unemployed exists, but it is an anti-deflationary policy and as such was welcomed—perhaps somewhat over-optimistically—by the "bulls" of industrial equity shares. Actually, Sir John left himself a free hand to blend borrowing and taxes at his discretion.

Investors in the cement industry have had a good run for their money. The 1933–37 building boom meant assured demand for the industry's product, and the agreement of 1934 regulating prices and quotas dispelled fears of cut-throat competition. What are holders of cement shares to make of Lord Wolmer's words of warning? The chairman of the Cement Makers' Federation declares that he sees "disquieting portents" on the horizon. House-building, which absorbs 30 per cent. of the industry's output, is on the down-grade; rearmament demand has passed its peak, so far as cement is concerned; present consumption is little more than 60 per cent. of production capacity, and indiscriminate competition might easily be revived by an invasion of new capital into a hitherto sound and well-organised industry. The market was shaken by these gloomy forebodings from such a presumably well-informed source, and the leading shares fell sharply:

	High Price. 1937.	High Price. 1938.	Close Nov. 23rd.	Present Price.	Div. %	Gross Yield £ s. d.
Assoc. Portland Stk.	110/-	88/9	4 1/16	3 3/4	22½	6 0 0
British Portland Stk.	105/7½	88/9	4 3/32	3 13/16	22½	5 18 0
Tunnel Portland 10/-	60/4½	47/6	2 3/16	2 1/16	25	6 1 3

Was Lord Wolmer's pessimism calculated *pour décourager les autres*? Reports of plans on foot to start cement production on a considerable scale near Plymouth lend plausibility to this interpretation of his speech. Certainly his estimated ratio of consumption to plant capacity looks unduly bearish. Capacity may theoretically exceed 10 million tons a year, but that rate of output could not be maintained for any length of time without deterioration of plant. Moreover, Lord Wolmer's figure of consumption apparently does not allow for net exports of over 500,000 tons a year. Admittedly, the outlook for the cement industry would be dubious if the Government decided *à la* Reynaud to shut down all public works and terminate road building and slum clearance alike. But this is an improbable eventuality, and A.R.P. is a potentially important bull factor in the situation. Associated Portland is vulnerable by reason of its export trade, and I prefer British Portland on a medium-term view. But, on the whole, cement shares now seem reasonably valued and I would dissuade holders from being panicked out of them.

* * *

By the beginning of this week, when rumours (in all probability quite baseless) of dollar devaluation temporarily checked the westward movement of funds across the Atlantic, the pound had fallen to $4.63—a drop of 12 cents in a fortnight. The decline is due not to adverse changes in the U.S.—Sterling Area balance of payments; indeed, Britain's import surplus is declining. The operative factor is transfer of capital from London to New York. This is popularly ascribed in the press to foreign holders of sterling bank balances, but there is ground for believing that British-owned funds have swelled the efflux to a substantial extent. In one sense the authorities here are in a strong position. On the assumption that the Exchange Equalisation Account's gold losses over the past eight months are now approaching £200 millions, Britain's total gold stock is still in excess of £550 millions at current market value. On the other hand, foreign "funk" money still floating in London may be put at £150-£200 millions; and foreign investment realisable in British securities is of the order of £300 millions.

* * *

Two new-comers have made their bow in the steadily growing unit trust market. The first of these, Universal Second Unit Trust, is launched by the "National" Group as a successor to the Universal Fixed Trust. Up to December 17th the portfolio of Universal Second will be identical with that of Universal Fixed, the sub-units of which will be convertible at holders' option into those of the new Trust. Thereafter Universal Second will be "flexed," with investment permissible in the securities of 320 companies. The second introduction, sponsored by the Allied Group, is the Cumulative Investment Trust, which will belong to the semi-flexible type, and will have investments spread over 50 (with a possible range of 78) high-grade Ordinary shares. The distinctive feature of this Trust is that only five-sixths of its income will be distributed to unit holders, while one-sixth will be accumulated in a reserve fund. The yield for the first year is expected to be in excess of 5½ per cent. on the initial "offer" price of 18*s*. per unit—i.e., before making the stipulated allocation to reserve. It will be interesting to see whether investors will be prepared to forgo the lure of high currentc as hpayments for the undoubted advantages of this system of automatic saving.

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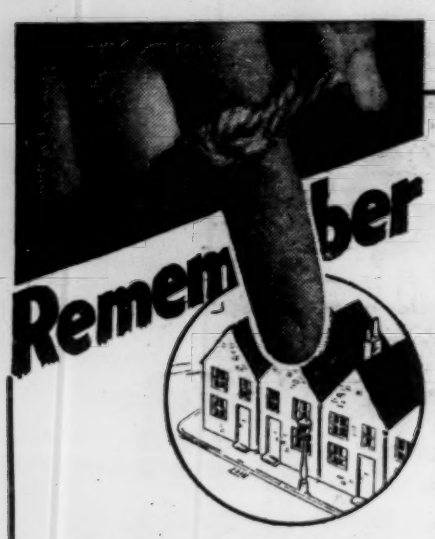

This Christmas, will you remember the poor folk who live in the mean streets, with their empty cupboards, fireless grates, and the heavy hearts . . . of the children, whom Santa Claus must needs pass by? **Do please try to give a few poor homes the Christmas Cheer you would wish yourself if you lived in Poverty Street.** £5 will provide Christmas parcels for TEN poor families.

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LIFE-BOAT HOUSE, 42, Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1
The EARL OF HARROWBY, Hon. Treasurer.
Lt.-Col. C. R. SATTERTHWAITE, O.B.E., Secretary.

THE PROBLEM. Midnight at one of the big railway or coach termini. A girl of 15 or 16 stands alone, disconsolate, destitute. She may become an easy prey to some evilly disposed person enticing her to moral wrong-doing. What is to become of her?

THE SOLUTION is to be found through the doors of our Open-All-Night Refuge. For 70 years there has never been a moment, night or day, when a stranded or friendless girl could not gain instant admission and care in the extremity of her danger and distress.

THE NEED for a greatly increased income is becoming more and more pressing. Indeed, there is a probability of curtailment; perhaps because it is so difficult to explain in cold print the tragic life-stories of those we aid, and the nature of the disasters from which they have been saved.

Please send a contribution—to-day if possible

J. F. W. DEACON, Esq., M.A., D.L., J.P. (Treasurer)
BARCLAYS BANK LTD. (Bankers). A. F. CLARKSON (Secretary)

LONDON FEMALE PREVENTIVE and Reformatory Institution Inc.
4, Birkenhead Street, King's Cross, London, W.C.1

"He gives twice who gives quickly"

WHEN you sent your subscription to the various Foreign Relief Funds, surely there was no intention in your mind of curtailing any of your Christmas gifts to Charity? Certain British Charities, however, think that there is a possibility, if not a probability, of some such decrease. And so they ask you to regard these oversea appeals as emergency calls for assistance and to give as generously as you possibly can this Christmas to your less fortunate fellow-countrymen and women.

This week and in the two following issues, many well-known organisations make their appeals, some for "that little extra" which means so much to people who normally get no extras in their lives; some, again, for essential day to day services rendered to the community at large, but all are dependent, ultimately, if they are to carry on their work, on your generosity.

THE CHURCH ARMY

There is a nightmarish quality in the words "a dreary Christmas," yet to many utterly destitute families this phrase has a very real meaning. To be without the means of celebrating whilst all around others are forgetting, if only for a moment, the difficulties of life in an evening of gaiety and fun—to be the ones left out of the enormous party going on all over Great Britain on Christmas Day—that is true poverty. If you feel you would like to give one impoverished family a few hours of real happiness in place of a period of depression, then it will cost you only 10s. A donation of £5 will buy ten Christmas parcels and enable ten families to enjoy, to a certain extent, the kind of Christmas to which you, no doubt, are looking forward. The Church Army, utilising its long experience and giving immense orders, can squeeze the last ounce of value out of every penny. The Army also keeps beds and shelter for down-and-outs all the year round, Institutions for those who for some reason cannot find work and, for boys on tramp for work, hostels on the outskirts of London. These hostels keep the boys off the streets until some kind of post can be found for them, and much good work has been done in this direction. Funds are also needed to keep these organisations running and will be gratefully received by Preb. Carlile, C.H D.D., The Church Army, 55, Bryanston Street, London, W.1.

THE ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION

This summer was the busiest in their whole history for the lifeboats tending the 5,000 miles long coastline of Great Britain and Ireland. During the period May 1st to September 30th the boats were launched 186 times, rescuing 188 lives, i.e., an average of over 8 launches a week, the greatest number of summer launches since the service was established 114 years ago. So far this year the launchings number 405, the lives rescued 521, and vessels saved 75. Thirty-eight motor life-boats are under construction.

The sum which the institution needs each year to maintain the fleet, to build motor lifeboats costing from £3,000 to £10,000 each, and to pension the widows and dependents of lifeboatmen who lose their lives in the service, is £300,000. Over £50,000 of that sum is spent in rewards, pensions and other payments to those who actually do the work of rescue. This sum of £300,000

IN MAKING UP YOUR CHRISTMAS LIST DON'T FORGET TO SEND—

5/-

TO OUR CHRISTMAS FUND

Your gift will be gratefully acknowledged and be devoted to providing Christmas cheer for the patients who will spend their Christmas in North London's Largest General Hospital. Please send your gift to Secretary.

ROYAL NORTHERN HOSPITAL
HOLLOWAY, N.7.

represents little more than one penny per head of population. Donations should be sent to the Secretary of the Institution, 42, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.

THE NATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO CHILDREN

No one can doubt, after reading the annual report of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, that here is a society which is performing a most necessary work. As N.S.P.C.C. statistics show, the need for such an organisation has increased with the years and, paradoxical as it may seem, the more that is accomplished, the more there remains to be done. For as one problem is tackled and brought, more or less, under control, new problems arise, taxing all the resources, financial and otherwise, of the Society. Last year there were no less than 120,995 children who were rescued from brutality and neglect by the Society's "Children's Men," of whom there are over 270 throughout England, Wales and Ireland.

These Inspectors are all carefully trained for their very responsible positions, and they have an excellent name with the members of public bodies such as Welfare Centres, Medical Officers of Health, and others. Most of their work consists in giving advice and help to parents; these methods obtaining the very satisfactory result that only about one per cent. of the cases end in prosecution. Nevertheless, whenever a new inspector is added to the roll, a number of additional cases invariably appear—convincing evidence that, so far, the general public is still not sufficiently educated in the responsibilities of parenthood to allow the Society to slacken their labours, or to cease their continual search for cases of cruelty and suffering. If you feel that it is essential for this good work to continue unchecked, then your support will be welcomed by The Director, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

THE NATIONAL CHILDREN'S HOME AND ORPHANAGE

Since its inception 69 years ago, this Society has cared for over 25,000 children and its premises have grown from one small house near Waterloo Station to include 29 branches in various parts of the country, each with its own special work to do. In none of these homes is any kind of uniform worn by the child, thus banishing the institutional bogy; and the youth or young girl leaves the home after having received preliminary training which will put them on equal terms with some more fortunate children.

The Society appeals to your immediate generosity for funds to meet the cost of the coming festivities, when many of the children will enjoy the first real Christmas of their lives. The extra cost of the special meals, toys, decorations and filled stockings cannot be borne without the practical help of sympathisers, and it is essential that Christmas be celebrated in the usual way since it is a vital part of the system that, in addition to being grouped and treated as families, the children share as much as possible in the common family traditions of the country, thus avoiding completely the conventional institutional atmosphere. It will be realised that over and above the extra Christmas expense the Society has an immensely greater sum to find each year in order to take care of these helpless children properly. The two needs are really inseparable, and NEW STATESMAN AND NATION readers may be assured that they are contributing to a really useful cause if they care to send gifts to the Principal, National Children's Home, Highbury Park, London, N.5.

IMPERIAL CANCER RESEARCH FUND

Patron—**HIS MAJESTY THE KING.**
President—**THE RT. HON. VISCOUNT HALIFAX, K.G., P.C.**
Chairman of the Executive Committee—
SIR HUMPHRY ROLLESTON, Bt., G.C.V.O., K.C.B.
Honorary Treasurer—**SIR HOLBURT WARING, Bt., C.B.E., F.R.C.S.**

Founded in 1902, under the direction of the Royal College of Physicians of London and the Royal College of Surgeons of England as a centre for Research and information on cancer, the Imperial Cancer Research Fund is working unceasingly on the systematic investigation of the disease in man and animals. The work of this Fund and of other great centres of research has increased our knowledge of the origin and nature of cancer and has so altered our outlook that the disease is now curable in increasing numbers. Our previous accommodation has become too limited and we **have recently built new modern laboratories** to extend the scope of our investigations. The income from investments and the Endowment Fund is insufficient to cover the total annual expenditure, and help is urgently needed to meet the heavy additional cost of expansion.

Legacies, Subscriptions, and Donations are earnestly solicited, and should be sent to the Honorary Treasurer, Sir Holburt Waring, Bt., c/o Royal College of Surgeons of England, Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.2.

When looking at your own loved one, or at those of other families . . . DO YOU EVER THINK of that other child—for whose protection the N.S.P.C.C. came into existence 54 years ago?

Please help to prevent the ill-treatment of little ones by sending a gift now to William J. Elliott, O.B.E., Director, National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

N·S·P·C·C

WILL YOU LIGHT A CANDLE?

'All ye who Christians be,
Oh, light my tiny candle here for me.
It has gone out; I am not very old,
And as I travelled in the cold
A bitter wind with all his might
Blew, and put out my little light.

'All ye who Christians be,
Will ye not list to me,
Who have so often prayed
I might not be afraid?
I am a little frightened—can't you see?
Oh, light my little candle here for me.'

EDNA NORMAN (by permission)

The bitter winds of adversity have left many children in the darkness and cold. Nearly 4,000 of them are safe in the shelter of the 29 branches of the National Children's Home. Every day brings further pathetic appeals; will you help us to respond to them?

A SPECIAL CHRISTMAS GIFT OF FIVE GUINEAS

covers the admission costs of one child. Please light a candle of hope for some little one in sore distress. A photograph and particulars of the child assigned to you will be forwarded as soon as possible. Smaller gifts are also helpful; do send what you can. And will you send it now?

I enclose my Christmas Gift of £ : : to light a Christmas Candle in the National Children's Home.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

(N.S.) _____

NATIONAL CHILDREN'S HOME

Chief Offices HIGHBURY PARK LONDON, N.5.

CVS—44

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

KINGSLEY HOTEL.
NEAR the British Museum, Bloomsbury Way (formerly Hart Street), W.C.1. Telephones in all Bedrooms. Numerous private bathrooms. Bedroom, Bath and Breakfast from 9s. 6d. per night. Illustrated Booklet and inclusive Terms on application.

WARWICK CLUB, Ltd., 21 St. George's Square, S.W.1. Room and Breakfast, 5s. a night or 30s. weekly: with dinner 6s. 6d. a night or 35s. to 2 *gns.* weekly. Vic. 7289.

REFORMED INNS.—Ask for descriptive list (3d. post free) of 180 INNS AND HOTELS managed by THE PEOPLE'S REFRESHMENT HOUSE ASSOCIATION, LTD., P.R.H.A., LTD., St. George's House, 193 Regent Street, London, W.1.

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RYE, Sussex. Old Hope Anchor Hotel. Sunny, comfortable. Quiet situation. Lovely views, Cent. heating. H. and c. water all bedrooms. A.A. 'Phone 126.

FITTLEWORTH, Sussex. Fortrie Guest House. Real Country. Comfort, good beds and cooking. Breakfast in bed if desired. 'Phone 61.

ASHDOWN FOREST, THE CLOCK HOUSE NUTLEY, Sussex. A delightful GUEST HOUSE in 7 acres. Central heating, open fires, running hot and cold water, electric light, garage, own garden produce, chickens, eggs and milk. Good chef. Special terms for autumn and winter. 'Phone: Nutley 96.

TORQUAY. Howden Court Hotel. Ideal for people on leave. Sun lounge. Private bath and sitting rooms if required. A.A. appointed. Tel.: 280711.

SEAFORD. MISS MITCHELL, Claremont House, Claremont Road. Facing south and sea. Central heating, gas fires and h. and c. water in bedrooms. Vegetarian.

BRIGHTON (Saltdean). Comfortably furnished brick bungalow from 18s. 6d. Particulars: 25 Church Crescent, London, N.20. Enterprise 2628.

REDUCED Winter terms at White Lodge Hotel, Saltdean, Sussex. Central heating, open fires, running H. & C. Rottingdean 9614.

SALTDEAN, Brighton. GLENDOWER, first-class guest house. Tel.: Rottingdean 9552.

SAVERNAKE FOREST. The Forest Hotel. Tel.: Burbage 6. Excellent food. Ideal for walking; forest and downs. Good train service

SUSSEX (facing South Downs); ideal winter residence; every comfort; home produce; excellent cooking; highly recommended. Moderate terms. Xmas vacancy, two sharing. "The Chase," Albourne. Telephone: Hurstpierpoint 2165.

CHRISTMAS in the New Forest. A few visitors are still needed to complete our usual jolly Christmas party at The Guest House, Godshill, Fordingbridge, Hants. Telephone: Fordingbridge 2168.

SUSSEX COAST. Delightful little house to let furnished, every comfort; garage. Jan./March, low rental. 42 Sellons Avenue, London, N.W.10.

NORFOLK for convalescence and holidays. LIBRA provides special comforts and facilities, including excellent vegetarian diet. Interesting illustrated booklet free on request. Mrs. JEWSON, Libra, Dereham, Norfolk. 'Phone: Gressenhall 221.

MENDIPS. Xmas holidays. 17th cent. Guest House, run by Anglo-French family, open fires, electricity, constant hot water, good cooking. 2½ *gns.* Xmas, 12s. 6d. p.d. WYNDHAMS, Shepton Mallet, 57.

WEST SUSSEX VILLAGE. Christmas in quiet surroundings. Good fires, home-made fare. 42s. SIMONS, Devon Cottage, Westbourne, near Emsworth, Hants.

IN A RIVIERA VALLEY, a country house with sunny, sheltered terrace and gardens leading to the sea, you will find absolute quiet, modern comforts. Pension: from 50 *frs.* LES PALMERAIES DE VALMER, LA CROIX, VAR, FRANCE.

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Menton, Alpes Maritimes. For hotel accommodation and travelling facilities write Box 3367.

RIVIERA. HOTEL DE LA MER, Cap Martin. Facing full south in own grounds direct on Sea. Buses to Menton and Monte Carlo. Pension 7s. inclusive.

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Novelists who want to finish a novel, sociologists who want to complete a thesis, in fact, anyone who has intellectual work to do can find in the silence of the mountains the perfect surroundings for serious study. If you have already done any winter sports you know the quietude and solemnity of a snow-clad world, if you have not it is an unforgettable experience which you should not miss. The slopes round the Hotel provide excellent ski-ing and you will find that a day spent exploring the district on skis will only increase your appetite for work at night. Our full pension terms of from £7-£10 (approx.) a month are extraordinarily reasonable and should make an appeal also to those who merely want a simple winter sports holiday.

GOOD SKI-ING SCENERY FOOD & WINE

SANS NOISE DANCING JAZZ

Grand Hotel de Mt. Aigoual
(L'Esperon, Gard, from 1700 frs./month)

Relais de L'Observatoire
(L'Esperon, Gard, from 1250 frs./month)

Please write Managers of these Hotels for further particulars.

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

CHRISTMAS SKI-ING at SEDRUN, Grisons Switzerland. Join young, pleasant party, beginners and experienced skiers, unspoilt village, virgin snow. Moderate inclusive cost. Leaves Dec. 23rd and Dec. 26th. Box. 3374.

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BUSTON MANOR, Hunton ('Phone: 85174), near Maidstone, Kent, for small conferences, schools, parties, etc. Moderate week-end terms. Enquiries invited.

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* ONE WORD. Place names, *e.g.*, St. Albans, Ashton-under-Lyne, Golders Green. 'Phone numbers, *e.g.*, HOL. 3216. 'Phone 2414. Groups of five letters or figures, *e.g.*, Y.M.C.A. or S.W.18, etc. TWO WORDS: Number and name of street, *e.g.*, 24 St. George's Street, 24 Broadway

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TO BE LET for three months, including Christmas. Modernised country cottage, 50 miles London; 2 bed., 2 reception, kitchen, bathroom, w.c., central heating. Box 3481.

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A BACK WITH A VIEW. Over lovely gardens. Tennis. 15 minutes Piccadilly. From 25s., bed b'fast; 37s. 6d., part board. Also FLATLETS (unfurn.). Alcove basins. Kitchenettes, private baths from 18s. 6d. 11 Clifton Gardens, W.9. ABErcorn 3035.

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PERSONAL

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GERMAN for Beginners, Readers of Poetry, Scientists. Write DR. WALDE, 167 Gloucester Terrace, W.2.

REFUGEE organisation urgently requires independent car owner who will offer free services. 'Phone: WYNNE, Hampstead 1952, before 10 a.m.

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CHRISTMAS SKI-ING PARTY TO SEDRUN. Please look under "Holiday Suggestions."

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Rates and all information on page 946

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PERSONAL—continued

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

A Course of Two Lectures on "CHAUCER," prepared by the late PROF. E. V. GORDON, M.A., will be read by Dr. A. H. Smith (Reader in the University) at UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, LONDON (Gower Street, W.C.1.) on DECEMBER 8th and 13th, at 5.30 p.m. At the first lecture the Chair will be taken by Prof. R. W. Chambers, D.Lit., F.B.A.
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"WHAT HAPPENS TO YOUR DRAWING," by J. B. Nicholas, of Rumble, Crowther and Nicholas, Ltd. Chairman: Austin Cooper. December 9th, at 6.15 p.m. REIMANN SCHOOL, Regency St., S.W.1. Vic. 3131. Write for Lecture List.

SOUTH PLACE ETHICAL SOCIETY, Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn. Sunday, December 4, at 11 a.m., PROFESSOR T. H. PEAR, M.A., B.Sc.: "THE PSYCHOLOGY OF CONVERSATION." 6.30 p.m., Concert Chamber Music. Admission free. Visitors welcome.

THE ETHICAL CHURCH, Queensway, Bayswater, W.2. Sunday, December 4th, at 11 a.m., DR. COIT: "GOEBBELS: FIEND, MADMAN, OR BADMAN?" 6.30 p.m., MR. BLACKHAM: "THOSE WHO CALL EVIL GOOD, AND GOOD EVIL."

THE TASKS BEFORE THE PEACE MOVEMENT Public Meeting at 8 p.m. on Friday, December 9th, at Friends' House, Euston Road, N.W.1. Speakers will include Dr. Edith Summerskill, M.P., and Prof. C. E. M. Joad. ADMISSION FREE.

THE SEX EDUCATION SOCIETY
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JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES will speak on "A.R.P." at Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, Holborn, on Tuesday next, the 6th inst., at 7 p.m. Admission free.

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Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by The Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London, S.E.1: Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1